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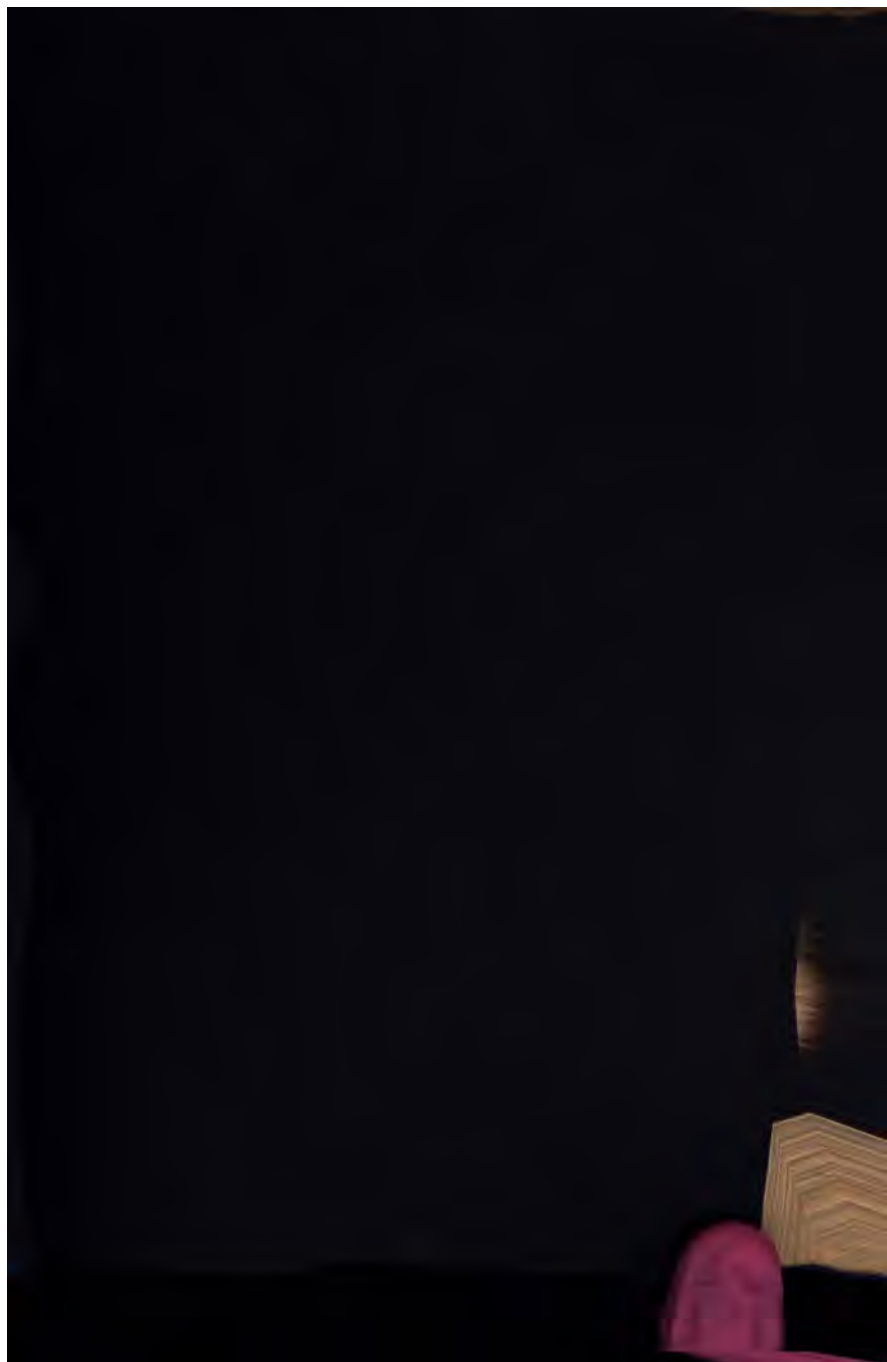
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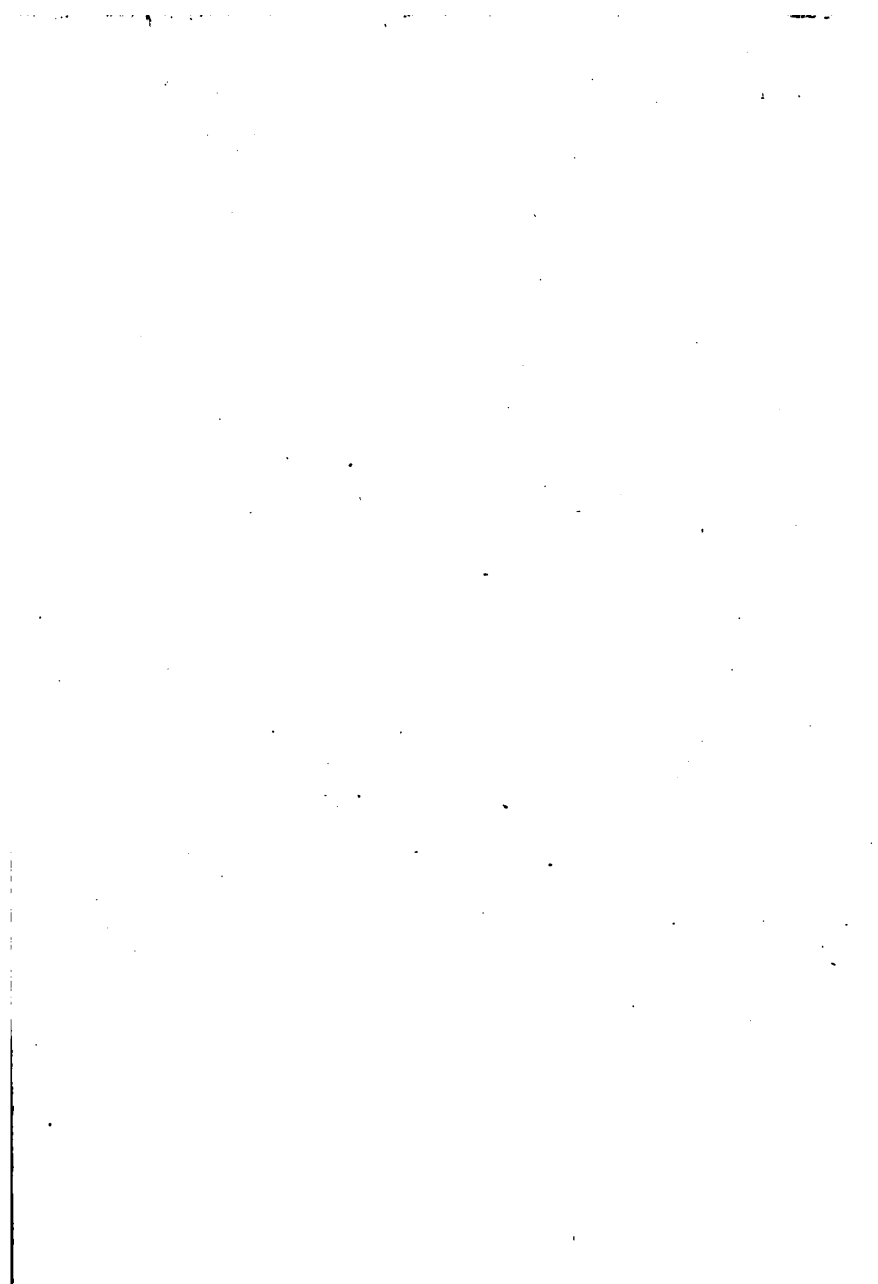




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JUSTICE WARREN'S DAUGHTER:

A Story of New England.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

BY

OLIVE M. BIRRELL.

VOL. I.

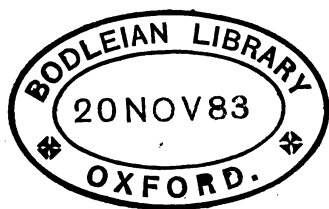
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JUSTICE WARREN'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

That moment that his face I see
I know the man that must hear me
To him my tale I teach.

COLERIDGE.

THE autumn of 1659 was a prosperous one in New England, and the circle of men who gathered round the kitchen fire in the little inn at Salem, on the night of the fifteenth of October, wore, for the most part, very cheerful countenances. The mirth of Puritans has supplied many a jest to their enemies, and it must be confessed that there was something heavy and cumbersome in their mode of expressing happiness; their jokes were elephantine, and a perpetual sense of responsibility seemed to hang over them,

preventing their spirits from ever rising to buoyancy. The faces of most of the party were rugged and deeply lined, as might be expected in men who had toiled to make homes for themselves on an unknown shore, but just now, while they leaned back on their benches very much at ease, smoke from their pipes rising in clouds to the ceiling, the rigidity of their features relaxed, and one or two loud peals of laughter rang through the room. It was characteristic of the community that at this holiday hour, when their minds were free to wander where they pleased, a theological subject engrossed their whole attention. One of the principal farmers in Salem, a grim-visaged, black-haired man named Putnam, was holding forth upon a book which had been published in England about the year 1625, with the praiseworthy purpose of confuting the

Church of Rome. It was called "A New Gag for an Old Goose," and Putnam was counting over, with the help of his fingers and thumbs, the various weak places in the argument where the Arminian tendencies of the clergyman, its author, had disgusted the Calvinistic party in the English Church.

"Is it true," asked Giles Holmden, the owner of the inn, "that King Charles made the man who wrote it one of his own chaplains, and said that, after he had preached at Court, those might contradict him who durst?"

"Ay, it is true," said Putnam, "and afterwards he made him bishop. Thank God we have no kings or bishops here to thrust false doctrines down our throats, as if we were fools or children and could not tell for ourselves which are true and which come from the devil!"

A murmur of applause followed the utterance of this sentiment, even the wife of the host joining her voice to the others. There was only one guest who remained silent, and this was a young man, dressed in shabby, travel-stained garments, who had taken his place at a bench remote from the fire, where he was eating his supper quickly, as if he were in haste to be gone. His complexion was fair, his features well cut, and an air of distinction, in direct contrast with his homely dress, seemed to belong to him naturally, evidently commanding respect from the rest of the company, since they allowed him to eat his meal in peace without being teased by questions. All at once, when the noise of conversation was becoming louder, a knock sounded at the door, and the wife of the host, going to look who might be there, cried in a tone of surprise to her husband, "Quick,

Giles, it is Justice Warren's daughter in a waggon ; she is beckoning for someone to go out to her."

"Warren's daughter!" repeated the man. "What brings her here so late as this? There is nothing wrong, I hope."

"Nothing, except that my horse has cast a shoe," said a clear, ringing voice, as a girl, wrapped in a warm mantle, came into the kitchen. "Can your men help me, Master Holmden? I want to get back this evening."

"To be sure they can," said the host. "Come in, Mistress Kate; we are always glad to see you at any hour of the twenty-four. There is a good fire here, unless you would like to go up stairs."

"No, I will stay here," said Kate, taking off her cloak. "I have left my servant outside with the waggon: we shall be ready to

start again so soon that you need not trouble to prepare anything for either of us."

The circle of men round the table laid down their pipes and made a way for the new-comer to pass, looking at her with a curious mixture of admiration and respect, while she acknowledged their politeness by a very frank, good-humoured smile. The Puritans had left kings and queens, and all the traditions of an aristocracy behind them when they crossed the sea, but they had not shaken off that tendency to show honour where honour is due, which has insured respect to a certain class of people in the sternest republics of the world. Kate Warren owed some of the reverence with which she was treated to the fact that her father was a magistrate, who represented Salem in the General Court of Massachusetts, but much more was drawn forth by her own character, and would not

have failed had her condition in life been altogether different.

She had dark hair, well-marked eyebrows, and deep soft black eyes; melancholy when she was silent, but sparkling and animated as she talked. There was great delicacy and refinement in her features, and a beautiful sweetness in her expression, more striking perhaps, because everything about her indicated that it was not caused by insipidity, but was closely united with strength. As she stood among the grim, weather-beaten men who were smoking and eating at the hearth, she seemed an embodiment of that ideal purity for which the nobler spirits among the Puritans yearned; a vision which might have inspired Milton's "Comus," or floated before his mind as he wrote one of his loveliest sonnets—

Lady, that in the prime of earliest youth,
Wisely hast shunned the broad way and the green.

"What news from Boston, Mistress Katherine?" said the host, after he had sent a man to shoe the horse. "Is the Justice coming home soon?"

"The General Court has not nearly finished its business," said Kate.

"Ay; Governor Endicott has not had much rest lately," said Putnam. "He is a fine ruler for our colony. Massachusetts has never had a better. First he put the Indians down, and next he punished the Quakers, who are worse than Indians, for they draw the wrath of the Almighty upon us, so that He sends bad harvests and the good seeds rot in the ground."

"That is a heavy count against them, if it can be proved," said Holmden, smiling a little. "They deserve all they have got in that case—hot irons, whips, gags, and halters."

"It is as good as proved," said Putnam. "These men despise the Scriptures, and cast dishonour on the ordinances. I have heard those say who know, that in Boston one man rose in the meeting-house and interrupted worthy Master Norton, who was in the pulpit, to declare before all the people that they trusted in the Word of God as heathen trust in wooden idols."

"They call the ministers of religion priests," said another man. "I have heard them."

"*Priests!*" cried Mistress Holmden; "they could not do that, surely. We have no priesthood here; the very name is like fire in our bones."

"He is speaking the truth," said Putnam. "These people hate ministers, and would put them all to death if they had the power."

"They are an evil set," said Kate ; "but I think the young and feeble amongst them should be spared severe punishment. Some children have been cast into gaol in Boston, whose only blame lay in having learned their lessons too carefully from their parents' lips."

"The children will grow up to spread this poison far and wide," said Putnam. "No ; let them suffer while there is hope that they may be redeemed."

"It is wrong to permit such people to remain amongst us," said Kate. "I am not now defending their doctrines, which are hateful and perverse ; but I wish it were possible, while crushing their errors, to treat their bodies with more gentleness."

At this moment the unknown guest rose from his solitary seat, and, coming forward, placed himself in front of Kate, his hat on his head, and his bright grey eyes fixed on

her face, with as much intentness as if no one else was in the room.

"Hearken to me," he said. "I have a message to deliver that gives me no rest until it has been spoken."

"Take off your hat," shouted several voices, while Holmden got up, anxious to prevent a scuffle, and said quietly, "You are a stranger, perhaps, who is ignorant of our rules. It is usual to uncover when we address women."

The young man paid no attention to this remark, but continued to speak, still keeping his eyes on Kate.

"They have told thee much about the people whom they call Quakers. Hast thou ever proved for thyself if these things which they say are true?"

"He is one of them," cried Putnam. "Stop him, silence him, turn him out."

"Friend," said the stranger, looking round quietly, "I shall leave when my message has been delivered. Until that is done, neither thou nor anyone else hast power to hinder me or prevent its utterance. Hear," he continued, turning once more to Kate, "what I shall say. I implore thee, for thy own soul's good, not to believe these calumnies. Some of those who persecute us have minds which no light has ever reached, but I perceive in thee a nature too good to be given to ignorance, and a heart which God has already softened. Thou hearest from others that we despise the Scriptures. Nay, it is false; we read them as the Word of God to our souls. Thou art told that we live apart from the All-holy, because we deny the virtue of ordinances. Do those live apart from Him who desire to have their lives so full of His presence, that the smallest movement of His

Spirit may be felt and obeyed? Is it to live apart from Him, to turn away from the material forms in which His love was once content to be manifested before it overflowed and embraced the whole world? They tell thee that the Scriptures must be thy guide to truth, but they do not show thee where to find the key which is to open the meaning of the words. They who teach thus are in bondage to the letter. We, who are led by the Spirit, are free. Be guided by the same Divine Instructor. This is the light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. Where it shines, no priest is needed to unravel the mysteries of God. Believe me; taste for thyself, and see."

Kate stood motionless, her large dark eyes fixed on the speaker, her lips parted, and her breath coming quickly like someone who hears strange news. The host and his

wife were doubtful how to act, while the rest of the company seemed restrained by awe and did not again interrupt until the last words were spoken, when Putnam sprang to his feet.

"Turn him out," he cried, "he is a Quaker. Do you hear his insolence? Are you so familiar with Justice Warren that you may freely thou and thee his daughter? Holmden, turn him out. The law forbids you to give him shelter."

"Is it true?" asked the young man, still addressing Kate, though in a much lower voice, "Reginald Warren is thy father?"

"He is," said Kate quietly.

A scene of confusion was now taking place around them. Putnam and one or two others were urging Holmden to lay hands on the unwelcome guest and turn him forcibly from the house. The host was re-

reluctant to do anything violent, lest he should be blamed by the authorities for permitting brawls in a place of public resort. His wife also cried to him not to molest the Quaker, but to persuade him to go out quietly, since she feared the story would be told from mouth to mouth and they would incur a fine for having ever admitted him. In the midst of the turmoil, no one listened to the stranger or heard the next words which he said to Kate.

“I knew I had a message for thee : it was borne in upon my mind when first I saw thy face. To-night the Lord hath need of thee. His servant will knock at thy door. Do not refuse what shall be asked, and remember when the day comes in which thou shalt search for truth, as men search for water in a parched land, that it is not faith in dead letters which will guide thee, but the voice of God's Spirit speaking to thy soul.”

His voice was so remarkable, and its cadence so touching as he warned her of struggles to come, that Kate felt her heart beat rapidly, and, with a strong desire to hear more, put out her hand to detain him. It availed nothing: he had lingered because some hidden motive impelled him; and, obeying the same mysterious impulse, he now turned to go away. The disorderly company separated to let him pass, not one man present venturing to touch him until he had reached the door, when Putnam made a movement forward; but it was too late, the opportunity had gone, and without check or hindrance he passed through into the darkness.

“He is either a Quaker or a fiend,” said Putnam. “Desmond, why did you not stop him? He went nearer to you than to anyone else, while you stood with your mouth open.”

"Stop him!" cried the man addressed.
"No Christian could venture to touch him. I seemed to breathe an odour of death as he passed."

"Well, he is gone," said the host, "and a good riddance. I have no mind to pay a fine for giving him a night's lodging. Mistress Kate, I am sorry you have been pestered by his insolence in my house."

"There was no insolence in what he said," replied Kate, "though he did wrong to address me at all. If my horse is ready, Master Holmden, I will go."

"No doubt the horse is ready," said Holmden, "but I wish you would not leave until that fellow is safely at a distance."

"I had much rather start at once," said Kate. "The darkness has come down since I have been here, and I have two miles of road to travel over."

Her face looked white, and her lips were compressed more tightly than usual, but she seemed resolved to hide her feelings from those around her, and would not admit that there had been any cause for alarm when Mistress Holmden came up to express regrets and sympathy.

"Wait only twenty minutes," said Holmden, as he put the reins into her servant's hands. "Perhaps this abominable Quaker may try to stop your waggon."

"I am not afraid," said Kate, "and I do not believe he will come near me. Farewell, and many thanks for your hospitality."

She leaned back among her warm rugs and made a sign to the driver to start without further delay, but the good-natured face of the landlord looked anxious as he watched the waggon disappear on the darkening road.

CHAPTER II.

The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest and Providence their guide.

PARADISE LOST.

It is related of George Fox, the founder of the Society of Friends, that on one occasion he met two women by the way-side whom he had never seen before; but, moved by the Spirit of God, he stopped and declared to them his knowledge of their sins. The words came with terrible force to their consciences. Overwhelmed with shame, they confessed that Christ had reproved them through his lips, for all the things he laid to their charge were true. There is no need to find a supernatural explanation for facts which are after all only the insight of goodness, and an illustration of the words "*None of us liveth to himself.*" It can easily be

believed that there are people of sensitive natures who detect the presence of evil as quickly as travellers in the desert perceive the scorching breath of the simoon, and on the other hand, we can well imagine that the sight of a noble and pure face may awaken powerful sympathy in one who would otherwise be lonely in the midst of a crowd. Kate Warren could not understand the reason of all that had taken place. She was not aware that her appearance had in it anything striking or unusual, and those strange words spoken by the young man had made a deep impression upon her, strengthened, no doubt by her remembrance of his bright grey eyes shining with such unnatural and feverish light. Those were days of superstition, when the real lessons taught by such incidents as these were lost, because men insisted on finding miraculous causes for them.

As the waggon rumbled along the road Kate looked everywhere around, almost hoping that the stranger would appear again and tell her what the future held concealed, but nothing could she see except the tall shadows of the trees in a forest which the path skirted. Once or twice she checked the horse, asking her servant if he heard the noise of footsteps, but when they were quiet the only sound which reached their ears was the melancholy plunge of the ocean, as it rolled in heavy breakers upon the shore. Justice Warren lived in a large comfortable house, somewhat remote from the village of Salem, and surrounded by fields which he had brought under cultivation. A bright light placed in one of the top windows helped to guide the travellers, after they left the main road and turned down a steep path leading directly to the front door. When the waggon

stopped, a sound of barking dogs and cheerful voices silencing them came out into the darkness, and in another moment a girl of seventeen, fair, round, and very pretty, appeared on the threshold, speaking in cheerful tones of welcome. This was Winifred Carr, an orphan ward of Warren's, who had been adopted by him as a companion for his own motherless daughter Kate.

"How late you are!" she cried. "We began to fear you had met with an accident."

"So I have," said Kate. "White Star lost his front shoe. Here are my parcels, Winnie; send one of the servants to take them in. Oh dear, I hope I have remembered all the things I promised to buy in Salem!"

"Never mind the parcels," said Winnie; "Hester will see to their safety. She has

been prowling about for an hour, wondering every moment whether you had got her precious beeswax. Here, Hester, Mistress Kate has come at last."

A hard-featured woman of five or six and thirty, dressed in black, with a disfiguring cap on her head, came into the hall in answer to this summons, and soon began to busy herself with the various parcels which had lain in the waggon, while the two girls sat by the fire and talked. The hall where they were was spacious and comfortable, furnished like a sitting-room, and made cheerful by two large sconces, placed in such a position that the flames of the wood fire should reflect themselves inside. Some family portraits were also displayed, which the Justice had brought from his home in England. There was one of John Francis Warren, Kate's grandfather, a fair, broad-shouldered English-

man, and Elizabeth his wife, in whose features some shadowy likeness to her young descendant could be traced, though her beauty was under a cloud owing to the peculiar style of dress she wore, resembling a suit of whalebone, with a ruffle at the top as large as a peacock's spread tail, and not so prettily decorated. Kate told her story to Winnie; carefully leaving out all allusion to the mysterious stranger; but as they went to their own room, where supper was prepared, she turned round and said to Hester, "Be sure that the gate is left unlocked, for it is possible that someone may come to-night to see me."

"It is not safe, mistress," said Hester. "We have no thieves in Salem, and no witches, thank God, since Susan Pinfold suffered for her sins last New Year; but wandering dogs might get in, or perhaps even

a stray cow. Dame Anna Sirton's cow came in last week and ate some linen I had on the grass bleaching."

"Never mind that," said Kate. "I have a particular reason for wishing the large gate left open. I will tell Giles when he may shut it."

The Puritans were obliged to choose their domestic servants from the lowest class of the population. Some were criminals who had been sent to New England to undergo a kind of penal servitude; others voluntarily bound themselves to their masters, and became thralls during a term of years, stipulating only that food and clothing should be supplied to them. Hester was one of these, and by no means a favourable specimen of her class. She had a sour, forbidding countenance and a very strong will; but Kate knew the secret of managing her, and though

she often grumbled, she never disobeyed. On this occasion she went to give the necessary order to Giles, muttering under her breath that it was time the Justice came home to see after his own goods, since no one else but herself bestowed a thought upon them. Kate and Winnie meanwhile shut themselves into a small cosy room, opening from the hall, where they kept their spinning-wheels and the various small treasures which girls love to gather round them. While they are taking their supper, and Kate is listening lest by any chance footsteps should be heard outside, we may use the time to learn something about the absent owner of the house and the other dwellers in Salem.

Warren was not one of the earliest settlers in New England. The first band of Puritans, who sailed from Southampton in the *Mayflower*, were chiefly men of humble rank—

artisans and industrious work-people; but they were followed ten years later by others of their countrymen who had filled high positions at home, and brought a new element into the Western World. He was one of these later colonists. His father had been a squire, who educated him for the profession of a lawyer, but the excitement which prevailed in London during the reign of Charles I., as well as his own growing convictions about religious things, disgusted him with life in the old country, and determined him to join a party of emigrants who started for America in the year 1630 under the command of the celebrated Winthrop.

By degrees the first band of Englishmen had begun to feel at home in the New World and to prosper in their undertakings. They called their settlement New Plymouth, after the port from which they had started; but

the second party of colonists thought it better to go farther along the coast and find homes of their own ; so they passed New Plymouth by, and chose the shores of Massachusetts Bay for their resting place. Here they built the towns of Boston and Salem. A few years later some enterprising men reared wooden houses still farther in the wilderness, which were afterwards gathered together, and formed the colony of Rhode Island. Other adventurers went into the region of Connecticut, and some to New Haven ; and so, one by one, the familiar names appeared in the pages of history.

Behind these early settlers were primeval forests, peopled by wild tribes of Indians with whom they were often at war ; before them stretched the ocean over whose waves they had travelled, and there in compact companies they lived, a number of resolute

men and women diligently reclaiming the soil and developing those powers of self-government, which had been repressed at home, in a manner that to later generations seems visionary and incredible. They had no idea of adapting laws to the varied needs of men. The men must learn to live according to the laws: this was their theory of human life, and when it failed to work the results they hoped for, the blame was laid to the devil.

Some of the rules they made appear childish in the light of modern experience. No one was able to vote in the yearly election of magistrates, unless he was the member of a church, a form of religious disability which must have nurtured many hypocrites, and placed too much power in the hands of the ministers to be safe. Offences against the moral laws were punished as if they had been

crimes against the State, and in every department of life, even in those we are taught by our instincts to consider most sacred, the acts of men were placed under the guidance of their rulers. The laws relating to marriage in this austere community were, as might be expected, of a very stern kind. No one was allowed to seek the affection of a woman without first asking leave from her parents, or, if these were dead, from the magistrates, after which the courtship went on openly, under a fire of criticism from all the tongues in the settlement. Many proposals had been made to Warren by men who wished to marry his beautiful daughter, but Kate had a will of her own, and it was no part of the Puritan creed that women might be forced to take husbands against their inclination; so one by one the suitors were dismissed. It was a great shock to the

community when they learned at last that she was going to be married to Captain Keith, a young soldier of good family, who it was believed had dared to propose to her before Warren's consent had been asked; some of the village gossips having met them on more than one occasion walking by themselves on the shore! For some time the Babel of tongues found enough to keep them busy in discussing Captain Keith's audacious conduct, but by degrees the interest lessened and the fact of his engagement was peaceably accepted. He was away now, a disturbance among the Indians having made his presence necessary in a distant settlement, but as soon as he came back the wedding was to take place, and in the meantime Kate had plenty of occupation in preparing her bridal things.

CHAPTER III.

Neubrunn—And then the many posts of the enemy !

Thekla—They are human beings. Misery travels free
Through the whole earth.

WALLENSTEIN.

SUPPER was over, and Winnie had just taken her place at the wheel when she heard Kate's voice speaking in low, almost awe-stricken tones. "There it is, Winnie; did you hear?"

"I heard Vep bark," said Winnie; "he is always barking at wrong times, the foolish old dog. He dreams that he can hear your father's voice, perhaps."

"But there were voices at the outside door," said Kate. "I shall go and see."

"Mistress Katherine," said Hester, thrusting her head inside, "here is your visitor, and I wish she were anywhere else!"

Kate made no reply, but hastened into the

hall, followed by Winnie, who looked anxious and at the same time curious.

The first sight of the new arrival did not justify Hester's fears. She was a girl of nineteen or twenty, very slender and delicate looking, with soft bright hair of a golden shade, and large deep eyes. Kate thought that never in her life had she seen such eyes; the soul seemed looking out from behind them like a prisoner on the brink of escaping and becoming free. They were marked beneath with blue shadows, signs of ill-health, and all the features were wasted and spiritualised as if from long watching and much sorrow. It was certainly a beautiful face, but with painful beauty of the kind which suggests mortality and change; and after Kate had looked at her for a few seconds, she involuntarily gave a deep sigh,

feeling that some tension at her heart needed relief.

"You are Mistress Katherine Warren?" she said, and her voice, though sweet, had something in it which, like her face, spoke of illness and coming sorrow.

"Yes, I am," said Kate, with one of her brightest smiles of welcome.

"I was told to come here, to ask if you would let me stay with you for three days."

"Three days!" cried Hester, holding up her hands, while Kate answered cheerfully, "Yes, I shall be very glad to help you, if I can."

"For Heaven's sake, mistress, be careful!" said Hester. "Ask her name, and how she came to know you."

"My name is Rose Halifax," said the girl, looking at Hester for the first time, and then turning her eyes to Kate with an expression

which seemed to say, "I will tell you all when we are by ourselves."

"Come here," said Kate, and led her into the little room where Winnie and she had been sitting, while Hester began to pour out her complaints to the only person who was left to hear them.

"I do not want to deceive thee," said Rose, when she found herself alone with Kate. "Thou art kind and good; I could not endure to bring thee into trouble. I am one of those people who are called Quakers."

"I knew it," said Kate. "I expected you."

"Expected me!" she exclaimed, a deep blush covering her face. "He has told thee all?"

"I met a stranger, one of your friends, in the village of Salem this afternoon,"

said Kate; "he warned me to look for a visitor."

"Ah, I understand," said Rose, the colour fading from her face again. "It was without doubt William Robinson, who with several others has been banished from Boston, and is now holding meetings in the woods round Salem. I came with them, but it pleased the Lord to take away my strength, and they judge it better that I should leave their company, if I could find a house whose owners would let me rest."

"Where will you go when you leave here?" asked Kate gently.

"I cannot tell. I am free. They counsel no one. We must each go where the Spirit of the Lord directs us."

Kate stood for a few moments in deep perplexity. She scarcely knew whether her duty to her father, as guardian of his house

in his absence, permitted her to receive and shelter one of the sect which he abhorred. There was a mystery also hanging over the whole circumstance. It seemed incomprehensible that this poor wandering creature should venture to a magistrate's dwelling, and tell his daughter with perfect truthfulness the history of herself and her companions unless she had received a private assurance that no harmful results would follow. Yet Kate knew of no single person who would be likely to give such a promise. While she was hesitating, Rose remained perfectly quiet ; her thin white hands clasped in her lap, and her beautiful eyes raised to the face of her companion, with a wonderful expression of trust. Kate tried to imagine what would happen if she refused to shelter her, and sent her away ; she could not have told then, but afterwards she knew that Rose would have got quietly

up, folded her grey mantle around her and gone out into the darkness, never uttering a murmur. It would have seemed the will of the Lord that she should be cold and homeless, and what He gave, she joyfully accepted as her portion.

This evening, however, her faith was not destined to meet with such a trial. After much hurried reflection, Kate decided that no harm would be done by keeping the new guest for one night, at all events, and in the morning she meant to consider the matter further. She felt a strange movement of affection to this fragile being, who looked at her so wistfully, and the influence of William Robinson's words still hung over her, as it had done all the evening, inclining her to expect something marvellous to happen, and not to fear what was unusual.

The only room which could conveniently

be prepared for a stranger was a small one, next to that occupied by Kate herself, and with a door opening into it. To this room she led Rose Halifax, though Winnie looked grave and disapproving, and Hester whispered in a kind of stage aside—"Mistress Katherine is certainly being bewitched." When everything was ready, Winnie offered to stay and sleep with her friend, and never forgot the quiet look of astonishment which Kate turned upon her, as if the idea of possible danger had not occurred to her mind before. She would not hear of any change being made in their arrangements, and Winnie went to her own room, perplexed and wondering, unable to close her eyes or to lie down. The events of the evening were too striking and unusual to be passed by with indifference, and she felt a strong presentiment that some terrible result might be looked for before long.

Once or twice she was on the point of returning to Kate, and saying that she could not reconcile it with her conscience to leave her perfectly alone with the stranger ; but again a vague sense that such conduct would be an intrusion, and only work harm, forced her to remain where she was, though tortured with anxiety. She began to wonder as the night went by, and her thoughts became more and more feverish, whether this fair young woman was really just what she seemed, or whether her appearance of weakness was assumed, in order to beguile people to their destruction. Everyone believed in diabolical possession then, and Winnie's mind held many stories of practices such as these, where witches and magicians clothed themselves with the appearance of purity, and enticed innocent souls to make their acquaintance before alluring them to evil. Kate

would never be tempted to do wrong, but she might be overpowered by force and strangled because she would not sign her name to a compact with the devil. At this point in her reflections Winnie started up from the chair where she was uneasily sitting, and resolved at all hazards to go and see what was happening in that mysterious room, which had now become to her a chamber of horrors.

It was difficult to accomplish even so short a journey as this, for her whole frame was quivering, her hands were convulsively clasped, and she was fast falling a victim to that strange hysteria which seized on girls and women and delicately organized natures in those times, making them imagine impossible evils and suspect others of being their cause. Still, though her nervous system was weak, her love for her friend was strong, and with

a tremendous effort she composed herself sufficiently to walk across the wooden corridor, and very gently to open the door of Kate's room. No one was there; the little white bed was empty, and she saw at a glance that it had not been used since they came upstairs. The inner door was half open, and the sound of low voices issued from it. Winnie went forward very quietly, and with a strange thrilling sensation looked in.

On a low stool near the fireplace, leaning against Kate's knee, sat Rose Halifax, her soft light hair floating over her shoulders, and those mysterious eyes, which seemed to be speaking when her lips were silent, raised to Kate's face. They had evidently been saying something of great importance to each other, but the only words which Winnie heard came from Rose, and were these, the conclusion of

what had passed before: "The Lord is my light and salvation, whom shall I fear; the Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?" A great calm came over the feelings of the poor terrified girl. The words seemed spoken to her alone. She drew back, unwilling to listen for another moment to conversation not meant for her ears. Kate was in no danger, and the stranger had not come with any evil intentions, but had been sent to them perhaps by the Lord in whom she trusted; so there was no longer need to watch or be afraid. She went back to her room, and was soon peacefully asleep, while the others continued to talk, unaware that anyone had come so near them.

It was by no settled intention that Kate had gone to Rose after they separated for the night. Towards twelve o'clock a hard dry cough, which very seldom ceased, became so

much worse that her anxiety was aroused and she went to offer help and contrive some alleviations. She found her guest sitting on the low stool, where she was when Winnie looked inside, resting her head on the window ledge, as if despair of obtaining ease had driven her to seek one position after another, the most uncomfortable being scarcely less painful than the best. Her appearance was so forlorn, that Kate's kind heart overflowed in sympathy. She sat down beside her, and tried to draw out the causes of her sorrow, though carefully refraining from putting any direct questions which might only cause fresh suffering. Rose was not unwilling to talk, and the kindness of her new friend seemed to console her as far as such grief permitted of consolation. She told Kate that her home had been in England while her parents lived, at a place called Guyton Farm, in Warwick-

shire ; but after they died, she and her brother Paul came to Massachusetts.

“Why did you do that ?” asked Kate.

“Had you no wish to stay in England ?”

“Paul had become a Friend,” said Rose.

“We one day heard George Fox preach, and it touched his heart exceedingly. From that hour his life was changed, and he could no longer live in peace with my father’s family. Both my parents went to their parish church ; it was a grief to them when Paul sought for more light than could be found there, but they were powerless to withstand the workings of the Spirit of God.”

“Then you became a Friend too ?” said Kate.

“Not all at once ; slowly and by degrees I learned that my duty was to go out from amongst my own people. I loved the old words and the forms by which my love for

God had been nourished. Oh, dear! I can see the church now when I shut my eyes, and the path across the fields which led to it. All day, as I have been walking, a part of one of the prayers was sounding in my ears. 'That it would please Thee to preserve all that travel by land or by water, and to show thy pity upon all prisoners and captives.' 'We beseech Thee to hear us, Good Lord.' I never dreamed in the days when I knelt at Guyton that those words could come to mean me."

"Where is your brother?" asked Kate.

"He is dead," said Rose, looking up quickly. "He died in prison. We loved one another so much; from the time we were little children we had done everything in company, and when he said he must leave England, I never questioned whether to come with him or to stay behind. I knew it would

break my heart to part from him. But now God has parted us; it is His will, I know, though sometimes I wish that the wickedness of men had had less to do in bringing it about."

Kate longed to ask more, but did not venture, and waited until Rose continued her story, which she did at last in a much lower voice.

"The last time I saw him he said a verse from the Psalms to give me courage. 'The Lord is my light and salvation, whom shall I fear; the Lord is the strength of my life, of whom shall I be afraid?' He had no fear, though already they had scourged him twice and marked him on the cheek with an iron. If he had lived longer he would have been hanged, but God released him first."

"What had he done that they should treat him so cruelly?" asked Kate, her face ex-

pressing the horror of her mind. "Was it by order of the Governor that he was scourged and burnt?"

"Yes, Governor Endicott ordered it," said Rose. "Paul had spoken many times to the people, urging them to cast off dead forms and approach God for themselves, without aid from outward rites. Wherever we went, he always felt it was his duty to deliver the message he had received from the Almighty. Once I begged him to rest from the work, but he said, 'Never, until I am in heaven, at the feet of our Lord.'"

"Did you ever speak to the people?" said Kate, clasping one of Rose's hands tightly in her own.

"No, I was not called; but my friend, Mary Dyar, did. She spoke in many meetings, and she said that when she saw a crowd her heart used to burn, the desire to rise and

speaking to them was so strong. Once in Boston, outside the prison door, we were waiting to go in and see my brother, and a number of men and women collected, and she said to me, 'I cannot keep silence; my heart yearns to tell these people of the love of God.' I begged her to let the moment pass, for I was frightened, but she could not; she trembled from head to foot, the longing was so great, and at last she rose and stood by the door and opened her heart to them."

"What did she say?" said Kate.

"A great deal. I cannot remember all. She told them how Christ loved each one of them, and how much He longed to save them, not from hell only, but from sin. And some melted into tears, and others stretched out their hands to pray; but there was no noise, for her voice is low and each one wanted to hear what she said; and when she had done

all thanked her, and a few asked her to go on speaking, to tell them more of the Lord Jesus and His compassion for guilty souls. But she replied, 'No, my friends, go home and ask Himself to tell you, for there are things not possible to be uttered.'

"I wish you could remember more," said Kate, whose eyes were fastened on the pale, spiritual face with an eager, hungry look. She was thinking that sermons such as this one must be very unlike the dry discourses preached in Salem Meeting House, where the living Saviour was rarely mentioned, and theological arguments had taken the place of His life's story.

"I can tell thee about Mary Fisher," said Rose; "it quiets me to talk about them, and to think of all they used to say. She went through the whole world preaching the Gospel of the Grace of God, and in Turkey

the men were so touched by her words that, ignorant as they were, they offered her no injury. She was taken before the Sultan, and God gave her great power to speak, so she told him of the love of Jesus."

"That was wonderfully brave," said Kate.

"The Turks treated her less cruelly than the people of New England. When she visited among dark places here, they drove her away."

"Among dark places?" repeated Kate.

"Where the light of truth has not come," said the girl, looking wistfully up. "It is laid upon us to do this work."

"But the truth has reached New England," said Kate. "Our forefathers brought it with them when they left their early homes."

"Not the pure truth," said Rose. "Your people are in bondage to dead forms, and the

Spirit of the Almighty has forsaken them. We know that it is wrong to use outward symbols of sacred things, such as water in Baptism, and wine and bread to represent Christ's body and blood. The kingdom of God is within us, then why should we try to put its mysteries into a shape which all can see? Besides, we think that it is even more wrong to have priests."

"Priests!" said Kate. "I never heard of them, except in the Church of Rome. We have no priests; we are taught by ministers of the Word."

"They are the same as priests," said Rose. "We have none, no appointed ministers whatever, but each one speaks when the gift is poured out upon him. This is what the Scriptures mean when they tell of people prophesying in the churches."

"Ah," said Kate, falling back a little, and

feeling that they were touching very deep mysteries.

"Because we rebel against the priesthood we are persecuted," continued Rose; "this has been the chief cause of our offence. But whatever is done to silence us, our duty remains clear. We must carry our testimony all over the earth, and witness to those who are ignorant that the only true religion is spiritual, not external. Even the Scriptures become an idol, if we do not let the Holy Spirit pour fresh light upon them each day as we read. Oh, if thou couldst only hear Mary Dyar! She can explain everything; but I am weak, and my best thoughts come from Paul."

"You must miss him terribly," said Kate.
"Did you see him to say good-bye?"

"After he was dead, the jailor's wife let me in," said Rose. "I kissed his cheek

where the iron had burnt him, and I thought of the day when we should meet in Heaven. How I wish I had died with him ! ”

Kate did not immediately reply, and Rose seemed struggling with some deep feeling which she could not express. At last she laid her hand on Kate's.

“ I cannot help telling thee,” she said, “ I am so bewildered. Perhaps thou canst help me.”

“ Is it a doubt where you ought to go next ? ” said Kate.

“ I have felt a coward lately,” said Rose, in a whisper, “ and when someone came who loved me and promised to take care of me, I could not help wishing it were right to listen. At first my heart seemed broken, and I thought I could never love anyone because Paul was dead. I sat in the dark for days, and when they brought lights I

shrieked with pain ; it reminded me of that horrible evening when they first told me the Governor had ordered him to be burnt. But at last someone came in the dark and sat beside me and talked."

"It was your friend," said Kate, for Rose's voice ceased altogether; "he wanted to comfort you."

"He understood me when no one else did," said Rose, "not even Mary Dyar. He did not think I was crazed or wicked because light was hateful to me, and all his words were strength and sweetness and healing. He told me how he had loved me for many months, and more than ever now, when he saw me alone and forsaken, judged even by my own people. I promised to go with him, but I did not tell the others what I had done. They think I shall return with them to Boston after I have rested here. They do

not know that he intends to follow me to Salem, and take me with him to another country where we shall be safe from all harm. The day we left Boston he followed me to the boat to say farewell. It was at the peril of his own liberty that he came, for the Governor had forbidden the people to show us kindness. I was afraid for him; I begged him to go, and take no further thought of what concerned me; but he put his hand in mine and said, 'The hour shall never come when danger keeps me from thy side.' He is not one of my people; he had never used our language before, and at that moment the bond between us became so strong, it seemed as if death itself could have no power to break it. I did not doubt that it was right to promise all he asked; but this evening darkness has come over me. I am afraid that to do as he wishes is to refuse my share

in the cross of Christ, and to turn away from following Him."

"But He gives us the blessing of friendship," said Kate; "may we not take what His own hand holds out?"

"There are some whom He calls to another life," said Rose, "who are asked to share in His agony, not to walk beside Him in pleasant pastures."

"If he meant such a path for you," said Kate, "do you think He would have sent a friend to tempt you and give false hopes?"

"It may be a great trial," said Rose, rising and looking sadly into the face of sympathy which was turned towards her.

"I cannot tell," said Kate, with a deep sigh. "If I knew who your friend is, I might understand better."

Again that rush of colour covered Rose's

face, and she seemed on the point of saying something, but making a great effort she controlled herself and remained silent.

"Try and sleep now," said Kate gently; "you are tired and cannot think to any purpose. To-morrow, when you are rested, things may look more hopeful."

She put her hand between those thin transparent ones to take leave, and then a deep perception of the pain her companion must be enduring, forced her to forget all restraints, to throw her arms round her and cover her cheek with kisses. She thought of her own happy love and the preparations going on for her wedding, comparing her joyful existence with this struggling one, marked so heavily by sorrow. The contrast did not move her to pity alone, reverence mingled itself with her compassion, and

behind both these feelings lingered some strange sensations of surprise as she remembered that only a few short hours before the Quakers had seemed in her eyes embodiments of all that is evil.

CHAPTER IV.

Does the road wind up hill all the way ?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day ?

From morn to night, my friend.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

THE next morning Rose met with a much more friendly reception from Winnie, who was anxious to make some compensation for her unjust suspicions the night before. Hester said nothing, but went about her work looking very sulky ; she was absent during part of the morning, moreover, and would give no account of her doings when she came back. Rose gave little trouble to any of them ; she was very tired, and lay on a couch which Kate contrived for her in the small supper room, looking so pale and shadowy that the girls wondered whether she would ever have strength to continue her

journey. At four o'clock in the afternoon, as it was growing dusk, Winnie came to tell Kate that Mr. David Prynn, the minister of Salem, was coming to the front door.

"Oh, dear, how very dangerous!" said Kate. "I wish he had stayed away."

"Dangerous!" said Winnie, opening wide her soft blue eyes; "what harm can he do to either of us?"

"I had much rather he knew nothing about Rose," said Kate.

"He cannot say you did wrong in keeping her," said Winnie; "a poor desolate thing and so ill, too! But I almost think, Kate, it would have been wiser to send her to the kitchen, as of course I thought you meant to do. It looks strange to make a couch for her in your own private room."

Winnie did not know Rose's secret, and more than once that day Kate had found

some difficulty in parrying her questions; this remark, however, was easily silenced, and she cried, not without indignation—

“Why, Winnie, she is as well-born as you or I. That is one reason why Hester dislikes her.”

While the words were on her lips, a thought flashed into her mind, filling it with fear. Was it possible that Hester had already gone to the minister's house and told him what was happening at Justice Warren's? No time could be lost with safety if this were so, for to keep Mr. Prynne waiting was not the best way of sweetening his temper; so, after giving directions to Winnie about closing all the doors, she hastened to the hall. The minister stood in the middle of the floor leaning on his stick. He was a tall, fine-looking man, with pompous manners, who wore a large wig and bestowed as much

attention on his appearance as was consistent with Puritan rules. Some rumours had gone abroad that Endicott meant to stir up a crusade against wigs, and it was well known that he thought them vain and unseemly decorations, but as yet Mr. Prynne's loyalty had not been brought to such a severe test. He often came to call upon Kate, for Warren had asked him to take some charge of the family during his own absence, and on these occasions he was in the habit of giving the girls very good advice; sometimes asking them questions on the subject of religion, which covered Winnie with blushes, and made her friend very hot and uncomfortable. To-day, however, she had other fears to occupy her, and felt that her mind would have been quite relieved if she had heard him say, in his accustomed tones, "Good morning, Katherine; while we have a little

time to spare, tell me the heads of my discourse last Thursday."

He did not begin his conversation to-day with any such form of address, but after asking where Winnie was, and when the Justice might be expected to return, he cleared his throat with great solemnity two or three times.

"Katherine, I have heard news which has caused me much uneasiness."

"About our soldiers?" said Kate, for a moment forgetting one danger in thinking of another. "Have any bad tidings come from the forests?"

"Not that I am aware of," said the minister; "my concern was caused by another matter even more important than the safety of our men."

He thought this exclamation of Kate's was a stratagem to divert him from the point

he had at heart, and remarking mentally that all women have been deceitful since the foundation of the world, he returned to the charge with fresh spirit.

"I have been informed that you received a visitor in your father's absence. Is this so, Katherine?"

If he looked for further prevarication he was disappointed, since Kate said quietly, and without any attempt to mislead him—

"It is perfectly true, Mr. Prynne."

"And I am told, moreover, that this visitor belongs to the abominable sect," said the minister, his voice becoming dangerously loud, so that Kate feared it would be heard in the adjoining room—"in short, that she is a Quaker."

"That is also true," said Kate, as quietly as before.

"Have I heard you aright," asked Mr. Prynne, much shocked. "You did this wilfully and with full knowledge of the step you were taking?"

"With full knowledge," said Kate; "she told me before allowing me to run any risk by sheltering her."

Mr. Prynne got up and walked about the hall for several moments, until he had mastered himself sufficiently to speak again.

"Katherine," he said at last, pausing in front of her chair, "this woman leaves your house to-night."

His tone was one of calm authority, sure that she dared not resist his will, but like everyone else in Massachusetts would feel the voice of a minister to be almost as convincing as the voice of God. It was true that it came to her with great power, and for a few minutes he could see that a struggle was

going on in her mind, which he tried to bring to a safe conclusion.

“Remember,” he said, “the guilt you will lay on your conscience if you resist its promptings. Such persons as this deluded girl are accursed; they are raging waves of the sea, wandering stars to whom is reserved the blackness of darkness for ever. How fearful to become partakers in their punishment, which you certainly will do if you assist them on their evil way! Be warned by me and turn aside from this precipice while time is granted you to repent.”

It has happened many times before and since that the weapon of spiritual terror has been used to subdue those whom no earthly fears could quell. Kate's face became very white, and her whole appearance changed, so much as to reveal the nature of her conflict. For a few moments longer she remained

silent, but while Mr. Prynne hoped that his words were taking effect, she was really occupied with earnest prayer, entreating Christ to acquaint her with His Will. If He wished Rose Halifax to be sent away, she must do it, let the sacrifice be ever so awful ; but should it prove, on the other hand, that His own guidance had directed the stranger to her door, then no denunciations from the Church on earth ought to make her yield her duty by a hair's breadth. While she was hesitating, certain words flashed into her memory with as much distinctness as if they were understood for the first time. "By this shall all men know that ye are My disciples, if ye have love one to another." When next her voice was heard it sounded very calm.

"Mr. Prynne, I think that the only person in Massachusetts who has a right to complain

of what I have done is my father. It is possible that he may feel with you that I have gone too far in giving the shelter of his roof to one of the Quakers. This risk I take upon myself. Between himself and me the question rests, and I will allow no one else to have a voice in it."

"But you also disobey the law of the colony," said Mr. Prynne. "What do you say about that? Do you defy the law?"

"Yes," said Kate, "I do."

The minister looked perfectly aghast. Such desperate rebellion as this he had not expected, and for the time his feelings were so agitated as to impede his powers of utterance. What might have followed it would be hard to say; but at that moment an interruption occurred. The door into the adjoining room was opened, and Rose came forward, wearing her grey cloak and prepared to all

appearance for a journey. Kate observed with surprise that the dejected look she had worn the day before was no longer to be seen; her eyes shone, a faint colour covered her cheeks, and her expression, though grave, was perfectly contented, indeed it was almost happy.

"Be at peace," she said to Kate. "I will not any longer trouble thee. My mind is resolved. I shall leave this evening; so thou must not grieve thy friends by resisting the laws, unrighteous though they are."

Mr. Prynne stared at the new-comer in a kind of dumb surprise. This was not the person whom he had pictured, and for some time he found a difficulty in knowing what to say.

"You speak very boldly, young woman," he brought out at last. "You seem to think

your movements are free, but remember that you are still in Massachusetts. The law of the colony exacts thirty shillings for each hour that one of your hateful persuasion remains under the roof of a man or woman who is acquainted with the nature of their belief. Be thankful, Katherine, that your father does not live in Plymouth, where, under the direction of their wise Governor, the fine has been raised to five pounds."

Kate could scarcely prevent a smile from appearing on her face as the minister turned towards her to make this remark; her cause for thankfulness seemed so slight, since one fine was as much beyond her power to pay as the other; but, fortunately, Mr. Prynne was short-sighted and did not detect changes in expression quickly. He made a pause, and then addressed himself to Rose once more.

"I should be glad, for the sake of my old

friend Reginald Warren, to pass over this strange offence committed by his daughter, and thus to avoid causing a scandal; but if I do, it must be on condition that you place yourself at my disposal and go where I send you."

Rose did not answer, but looked earnestly at Kate—a natural act on her part, though unfortunate in this case, since it served to irritate Mr. Prynne, who thought she was deficient in respect to himself. The ministers in Massachusetts were treated with superstitious reverence, especially by women; but this Quaker girl was an exception to the rule, for she evidently judged them by a measure of her own, and would not have been surprised had she found them wanting. It must be reckoned to Mr. Prynne's credit, that wounded as his feelings were, he continued his sentence.

"I will be merciful to you, and though I should have the sanction of the law in committing you to prison, I will take another more lenient course. This evening you must go on board a vessel now in the harbour, and the captain, who is known to me, will obey my directions and convey you to Rhode Island, where the Governor does not exclude persons of your persuasion from remaining, if they are orderly."

Rose gave a quick exclamation at the words "Rhode Island," and Kate guessed that he had named the place where she had promised to go with her friend. She did not, however, make any reply, and the minister looked perplexed. He thought his proposal was a very generous one, considering the provocation he had received, and it surprised him that she did not appear to seize it. No other motive but the fear of a quarrel with

Kate's father would have induced him to forego his rights as an inquisitor so completely, but Warren was hot-tempered and very proud, and in the event of a public scandal taking place would certainly have blamed the minister for careless neglect of the affairs of his flock in omitting to keep closer watch over Kate's proceedings. His one aim now was to hasten Rose's departure, and for this reason he wished to see the master of the vessel without further delay. He thought himself safe in leaving the house unwatched while he did so, for he could not believe that even a being so perverse as a Quaker would reject the offer of deliverance when it came, and wander out into the wilderness to die of cold or hunger. Her silence must be put down to pride and obstinacy of character, which made her unwilling to acknowledge benefits; so, after-

charging Kate to be prepared for his return very shortly, he went out and left them alone. As soon as he had gone, Kate came up to Rose and put her hand on the grey cloak.

"You will be safe in Rhode Island," she said.

"I cannot go there," said Rose. "I have resolved, it is over; do not ask me to think of it again. Help me to get away."

"Where?" said Kate. "No one will venture to take you in."

"To the forests," said Rose, "where the others are. Then to Boston."

"But it is more dangerous in Boston than anywhere else," said Kate. "You may be murdered."

"Yet I must go," said Rose; "do not stop me, I have not a moment to lose."

"It is dark," said Kate; "there is only

a faint moon shining, and the roads are empty."

"The greater my hope of escaping," said Rose. "I have nothing to fear."

"Will you go quite alone?" said Kate.

"Let me send a guide with you."

"He might betray my friends," said Rose.

"It would be a treachery."

Kate felt there was no more to say, and quickly and silently, though with a very anxious heart, she began to make preparations for the solitary journey. When Rose saw the woollen dress and soft warm shawl which were being brought out for her, she looked at her friend with tears in her eyes.

"Do not give me these things," she said.

"I have enough. Only let me take some of the linen you have spun on your wheel."

"It will be so heavy," said Kate, wondering at the request.

"I shall need it," said Rose, in a whisper, "to wrap the bodies of those who shall suffer. Seven go back to Boston with me, three women and four men, who do not expect to leave the city alive."

Kate opened her press and took from its shelves some pure white sheets, beautifully spun and woven, with her own initials marked on each one. They were her treasures, linked with many thoughts of her absent lover, and praised by all the women in the settlement as the productions of a skilled hand. In giving them she relinquished what was worth more to her than gold or jewels, and Rose understood the extent of the sacrifice.

"Do not send them if it pains you too much," she said; "give me others—older ones. I never meant that you should part with these."

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"No," said Kate. "You shall have the best. They are all my own; the others are not."

When everything was ready, they opened the door as quietly as possible, and Rose went out. Winnie, who had come to give help, was crying abundantly, but the others found no such relief. They needed all their strength and could not spend it in outward signs of feeling. Even when they separated, very little was said by either, but the looks which passed between them expressed volumes of gratitude on one side, and love and pity on the other. The moon was now shining more brightly, and for some distance along the path the grey figure could be seen, stooping beneath the weight of its burden, but walking, continually walking, towards the goal where sorrow waited.

"Shall we see her again?" asked Winnie, in an awe-stricken voice.

"Who can tell?" said Kate. "It seems wrong to have let her leave us."

"No one could have prevented her," said Winnie. "She will reach her friends before ten o'clock, she says. How solemn the road looks in the moonlight, with the trees standing on either side like sentinels! She has gone as far as the outside gate. Now she turns back just once to make a sign to you. There—she is gone."

When the minister returned that evening, he vented his indignation in a torrent of angry words chiefly directed to Kate, but he might have spared himself the trouble, for she was very little moved by them. It was Saturday when Rose left, and during the two following days she seemed to live in a pain-

ful dream, a condition so unusual with her, that Winnie felt glad when, on Monday afternoon, an event took place which brought new interest into their lives, and for the time promised to put the troubles of Quakers into the background.

CHAPTER V.

Oh, why was the earth so beautiful, becrimsoned with dawn and twilight, if man's dealings with man were to make it a vale of scarcity, of tears, not even soft tears.

CARLYLE—"French Revolution."

REGINALD WARREN and his daughter had several relations in New England, with whom they were very intimate. One of these, a sister of Kate's mother, was a woman between fifty and sixty who had never married. The story went about of a bitter disappointment she had received in youth, but no one seemed to know exactly how it happened, and as in those days all love affairs were made public, Kate had come to the conclusion that it could only be a myth. She felt sure that each woman of a certain age in the community would have known the name of the faithless hero had he ever existed, and in all probability could have told the exact day

when he first proposed. For these reasons she refused any sympathy to her aunt, who, it must be said, showed no great wish to claim it.

Her name was Kezia, usually shortened into Kezzy, and Aunt Kezzy was a very well-known figure in the streets of Boston, where she lived. Her tastes were peculiar, and by some people thought uncanny. She went about among her neighbours, nursing them when they were sick, and performing all kinds of good offices for such as were unhappy, but prosperity never failed to keep her away, as if it had a blighting influence upon her spirits.

Never, in the memory of the present generation, had she sat down as guest at a wedding banquet, though funerals were her constant resort, and Kate often declared she took a grim pleasure in attending them. She

sometimes went to see the children baptized, but usually left before the feast which followed the ceremony; and for some mysterious reason it was considered a bad omen if an accident prevented her from being present on these occasions. She was always kind to the girls, but Kate, like many people who are perfectly healthy in body and mind, had an aversion to tales of sorrow and descriptions of sickness. She fled from dark rooms and gloomy faces with an instinct as unconscious and powerful as that which prompted Kezia to seek them out. Probably she could not have told why she did this, even had she asked herself the question, but such impulses of nature often defy control.

Winnie, on the other hand, liked well enough to hear Aunt Kezzy's reminiscences, and used to sit on a low stool, with her blue forget-me-not eyes fixed on the narrator,

drinking in her stories as if they had been the adventures of a beneficent fairy. On this account Aunt Kezzy had hitherto liked Winnie the best, and sometimes said grimly that she could not foresee, for her part, what was to become of Reginald's daughter, since sickness and death were in the world, and some day or other, whether she liked it or not, she would have to face them. It was noticeable that when she made such speeches, Kezia always spoke of Kate as if she belonged only to her father, and were in no way connected with the family of Shenstone, which had the honour of counting Aunt Kezzy herself among its members.

It must not be supposed, however, that Kezia's tales were all of a gloomy description. Her life had been an exciting one, and some of her early adventures used to fill Kate with envy when she heard them related.

The Shenstones came from the village of Scrooby, in Nottinghamshire, and were among the earliest settlers in New England. Kezia well remembered one miserable night, in the winter of 1607, when she, a child of four years old, was taken by her father and mother to the coast, in order to try to make their escape into Holland. Rumours of their intended flight had been slowly spreading over the country-side, and a mob of excited people came to the shore to drive them back. It is difficult to see why their fellow countrymen should have objected to let them go, unless they were prompted to act as they did by the mere instinct of cruelty, and a desire to worry the miserable fugitives as cats worry mice which they catch, but are too well fed to wish to devour.

One boat full of men had already pushed off, when the enemy came down upon the

beach and drove the rest of the company back with violent threats and blows, more efficacious because the greater number of those left behind were women and children. Kezia used to describe, in graphic words, the agony of fear which laid hold of her and several other little ones, when the shouts of the mob were first heard on the rocks behind them, till, wild with terror, they tore their hands loose from the grasp of those who would have protected them to the last, and rushed down the shore towards the water. One little fellow, scarcely three years old, ran into the sea, where the tide was going rapidly out, and the heavy breakers caught him up and then dashed him on the stony beach. Kezia remembered seeing him on his hands and knees, trying to rise, but before he could get on his feet the terrible foam-crested wave was back again and swept

him into its murderous embrace, flinging him down at last like a piece of crushed sea-weed among the rocks, his life extinct.

After that, she could recall nothing but horrible blackness, her feet slipping over stones, until a pitiful farmer lifted her on his horse in front of him, and shielded her under his coat from the piercing blasts of wind. He took her to his own home, where his wife was moved with compassion at the sight of so young a pilgrim, and proposed that they should hide her among the cows! A corner of the barn was screened off for her use, and there she made a nest among the hay and grew familiar with the faces of her dumb companions, who looked at her kindly with their soft eyes, and were in no danger of betraying her secret. The good woman of the farm always maintained that their sweet breath brought colour into the cheeks of

the little girl, and cured a terrible cough, which at first threatened to reveal her presence to passers-by.

Meanwhile the rest of the Puritans were being hunted from place to place, each village shutting its doors upon them, until their tormentors were tired of the work of persecution, and let them divide into small companies, and go whither they would. Kezia's parents were directed at last to her hiding-place and took her away; but the farmer's wife was sorry to part with her little foundling, and before she left insisted on fastening a charm round her neck. "To save her from the evil eye," she said; "and get her a good husband." Mistress Shenstone held all such devices in horror, and very soon captured the charm and put it away, but Kezia, with the true family obstinacy, contrived to lay hands on it, and kept it safely in her pocket, since

she might no longer wear it as an ornament. This charm—a little brass medal, cut with an image of the Virgin Mary—still lurked in a corner of her largest chest, and used to be shown to Kate and Winnie with a solemn warning that though for the sake of old times she preserved it, all such relics were a kind of devil-worship.

After many adventures, the whole party of Puritans reached Holland in safety. Amsterdam and Leyden were each their home for a time, and in the last place Kate's mother was born; but about this period of her life Kezia was never communicative. The wonderful country which had once lain under the sea possessed great interest for Kate, and she would often have asked questions about the canals and bridges and houses built upon stakes, had Kezzy been willing to reply to them, instead of changing the subject or say-

ing grimly that she had lived in towns she liked better than Leyden.

Besides Kezia, there were two other inhabitants of the colony with whom the girls were very intimate. When Warren left England, his youngest sister Arbella, a pretty wayward girl of sixteen, had just been married to her cousin against the advice of all her family, who nursed some ambitious schemes which this act of independence frustrated. She died soon afterwards, disappointed and heart-broken, leaving two sons, and as her husband did not long survive her, their children became homeless and dependent upon the kindness of relations.

When Justice Warren heard of these misfortunes, he asked the boys' guardians to send them to New England, where they were much more likely to prosper than in the mother country, and, as may be supposed,

the request was very promptly conceded. Arbella's sons were packed up and sent away by the first ship which sailed after the arrival of their uncle's letter, and he was too just a man ever to repent of his offer.

He had always been fond of Arbella, who was a fascinating creature, and had suffered a severe punishment for marrying with so little discretion, but he sometimes wished that her children had been girls, or else possessed of more sober and equable natures. He had decided theories of his own about education, but the two Mainwarings were destined to set all theories at a disadvantage, and in the course of a few months to prove them utterly useless.

Rowland, the youngest—or Rowley, as he was generally called—was sufficiently troublesome in his own way; still it was possible to understand him, and if he had been alone he

might have been coerced into a condition bordering upon order. He was simply an audacious, high-spirited boy, with reckless animal courage, and intellectual powers rising a little above the average; but Simon, the eldest, soon displayed tendencies which put the whole town in commotion.

Both children were tall for their ages, and very fair. Simon had inherited the larger share of his mother's beauty; his straight features, expressive eyes, and delicate curling lips would have won admiration in another child; but when they belonged to him they seemed unnatural, a part of his general singularity, and no one liked him better in consequence.

Kate long remembered with terror one Sunday afternoon when Simon, in revenge for some indignity put upon him, declared his intention of climbing to the top of the

meeting-house. What he meant to do when he got there he was considerate enough to leave in obscurity, but Rowley was confident that he would forthwith "throw himself down, and be broken to pieces." No one took notice of the threat, not believing in his power to carry it out; but half an hour afterwards cries of alarm brought the whole family outside, and there indeed was Simon, standing on a narrow ledge which projected from the side of the building, apparently considering how to get to the top.

Some people advised that straw should be laid on the ground to soften his fall; others remarked—for the Puritans found supernatural agency everywhere—that the evil spirit who helped him up might safely be trusted to bring him down, and were for leaving the matter as it stood. Justice Warren sent for ladders and ropes. Meanwhile Simon

watched them from his eyrie with a quiet, sarcastic smile. He said to Kate afterwards that they looked like a number of rooks holding a parliament, so small and so black, as they ran hither and thither over the ground.

He did not wait for ladders. When he thought his family had been sufficiently punished, he came down again as safely and silently as he had gone up; but from that day the victory was decided. He was henceforward master of the situation, and everyone in the house was careful how they ventured to cross him.

Each successive change in the lives of his nephews had caused fresh trouble to Warren, until the happy thought occurred to him of sending the younger one away to give the Indians the benefit of his good spirits and heedless daring. Rowley was a born adventurer, and liked nothing so well as roaming,

especially when a touch of danger added to the excitement of seeing fresh places. This new business afforded scope for his energies, and from that time his course became more regular. Warren would have been glad to send his brother away also, to keep the tribes of red people in subjection, but there were several reasons why he did not dare to do it.

A year before the adventure on the meeting-house, when Simon was eleven years old, he had run away from school, and was exploring in the woods near Salem, when a party of Indians captured him and took him away to their wigwams. They did not ill-treat him in any way; they kept him for three months, and then, in return for some presents from Warren, gave him back; but those three months were very eventful ones to the boy. He seemed to have got no harm as far as anyone could judge. It is true he

had learned to understand the language of his captors, and to climb and swim and run in a manner which could not be surpassed, but these were useful accomplishments, and his uncle hoped that no further results would follow. His climbing powers he used as we have seen. The language he appeared to forget, but two years afterwards he suddenly disappeared again, leaving a message with Rowley to the effect that he had gone to the Indians. This time no bribes availed to bring him back. He stayed twelve months, and returned late on a summer's evening as quietly and mysteriously as he went away.

From henceforward his character seemed changed. He became wonderfully taciturn, his mischievous pranks almost ceased, and Warren, who observed him attentively, fancied that he was able to detect some very curious habits of mind. Besides other pecu-

liarities, he had a strange power, observable among savage tribes, of letting a purpose hybernate in his mind for a long time in perfect silence and apparent forgetfulness before trying to bring it into effect. For many months it would seem to slumber, and anyone who did not understand him might have supposed that it was either relinquished or forgotten, until the right moment came, when it suddenly sprang into life and was carried to swift execution.

Warren sometimes felt uneasy about his nephew. He was conscious that he did not possess the key to his character, and was unwilling to send him near the Indians, who had once been his friends and instructors. He feared lest the fascination their life had held for him as a boy would return and Simon become a dweller among them—a leader who

would be very dangerous in the event of a quarrel between the white men and the red.

Simon, for his part, expressed no desire to go. He was reserved and sparing of words as usual when the matter was being decided, and made very little objection to stay at home and help his uncle in the management of his farms instead. He was extremely clever and proved very helpful, not only in private matters, but in public ones concerning the business of a magistrate, where his clear head and rapid pen often came to the assistance of older people ; but Warren never felt that they were in perfect sympathy, and feared even while he made use of him.

During the last three months, however, Simon had seemed less wayward and uncertain, and his uncle, hoping that some change for the better was taking place, began gradually to trust him more and more.

When, for instance, in the month of October, the news reached Boston that a settlement with the Indians had been arrived at, and Captain Keith might shortly be expected to return, he could think of no safer escort for his daughter than her cousin, and sent him to Salem with orders to bring her back as quickly as possible, and leave her in the house of Aunt Kezzy.

CHAPTER VI.

There's no art
To find the mind's construction in the face.
MACBETH.

WHEN Simon reached his uncle's house in Salem he found Winnie sitting by herself busy with her spinning. She gave a faint scream as she saw him come in, partly from surprise and partly from habit, for between the two a strong antipathy had always existed; something like the aversion which a tortoiseshell kitten and a greyhound might be supposed to feel for one another if they lived in the same family. In former days she had often said that she wished Simon were not so noiseless in his movements. He never rushed into the room with a shout as Rowley did, but suddenly, before anyone knew, he was among them, his quick, bright eyes ob-

serving everything, and the corners of his mouth twitching in a way which she knew by dire experience to mean that he intended mischief. Several years separated those boyish days from the present time, but Winnie's memory was retentive, and her voice as she addressed him now had that accent of plaintive terror in its cadence which he used to love to call out long ago.

"Alone, Winnie!" he exclaimed. "Where is Kate?"

"She has gone to the beach. Has anything happened, Simon?"

"Keith will come back in a day or two, and her father wants Kate to join him in Boston."

It was one of Simon's oddities that he never called his uncle by a title which could indicate the relationship between them. When speaking of him to men of his own standing he called him simply "Warren;" to

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others, who would have been shocked at this familiar style of description, he said, "the Justice," and to Kate it was always "your father."

"Why, Simon, what can be the reason of that?" said Winnie. "Why should Kate meet him in Boston? I see no sense in it."

"I suppose his eyes see farther than yours," said Simon. "At all events, I am no doctor to set either of you right. Kate must come back with me. That is all I know about it."

"Well, I'm very glad," said Winnie; "more glad than I can say. Kate needed change, and I can ask Mary Prynne to stay with me; she is better than nobody."

"A stupid prosy thing like Mary Prynne better than nobody?" said Simon. "If I could live alone for twelve months I should

be thankful ; but you girls never know when you are happy."

"You look ill, Simon," said Winnie, observing him. "Your cheeks are thin, and you have such shadows beneath your eyes. What is the matter?"

"I am worked to death in Boston," said Simon, stretching his arms over his head, "but I did not know that I looked such a scarecrow as you describe me, Mistress Winnie. See what a blessing it is to have a truthful friend!"

His face still retained the beauty which had belonged to it in childhood, though he was now two-and-twenty and worn and ill, as Winnie remarked. He had a long head with thick light hair, which not even Puritan scissors could disappoint in its tendency to curl, well-marked eyebrows, large liquid blue-grey eyes, melancholy in expression, and a

delicate mouth uncovered by a beard. His hands were long and white, and he had a trick of perpetually twisting something in his fingers while he talked; just now he was jerking the end of a silver chain which hung round his neck, until Winnie told him he would break the links.

"Your old trick!" she said reprovingly. "Kate used to say it made her eyes ache to look at you."

"Kate always liked to complain of me," said Simon. "I hope she will not be scornful when she finds the office which has been given me; it was none of my choosing."

"She is so dull and downcast now," said Winnie, "that I do not think she will have spirits to quarrel with you."

"What is the matter?" asked Simon. "Is the spinning-wheel broken, or has the goat run away?"

"You always mock at us," said Winnie, "as if girls could have no troubles, but this time you are mistaken. Something very awful has happened."

"Dear me, you alarm me!" said Simon. "I hope Kate has not been set in the pillory for non-attendance at the meetings."

"No, not yet," said Winnie, "but that may perhaps come next; for she would not go yesterday. Everything has been wrong since our terrible trouble."

"Well, I cannot guess any more disasters," said Simon. "I give up. What is it, Winnie?"

"On Friday night, a girl came here," said Winnie very slowly and impressively. "Yes, a girl with fair hair and strange eyes and a terrible cough."

"And you took her in, of course?"

"Yes, though Hester was angry; but the

next day Mr. Prynne came and told Kate she must go away to Rhode Island at once, because she was a Quaker."

Simon's face, which had looked painfully anxious, now suddenly brightened.

"Did old Prynne say that?" he exclaimed. "Well he is not so bad as he looks. It was the only plan."

"But Simon, she would not go," said Winnie. "She was resolved, she said, and that very evening she made us help her and went back to her friends, the other Quakers, who are hidden somewhere in the woods."

Winnie wished to make an impression on her hearer but she was quite unprepared for the effect her last words produced. They had scarcely passed her lips when Simon sprang to his feet, trembling all over, as if he had received a shock.

"She has gone back!" he exclaimed;
"she is not here!"

"No, she is not here; she went away on Saturday. Why, Simon, do you know anything about her? She said her name was Rose Halifax and her brother's name was Paul."

Simon was still trembling violently, and his face had become almost deathly in its whiteness; but when Winnie looked at him astonished, he struggled to regain his self-control.

"I have heard of Paul Halifax," he said.
"There was great pressure put upon the Governor to have him released, but he died after his last examination. He had thirty lashes and they say it killed him. Is Pocahonta here? I should like to ask her a few questions."

Pocahonta was an Indian woman who had been taken prisoner in one of the numerous

were and lived in Warren's house as a slave. She had not seen much of Rose, because Kate had guarded her room vigilantly; but when Simon's summons brought her to be questioned she seemed to have a great deal to say, and talked for a long time in her own language while Winnie listened patiently, comprehending nothing. She knew that the Indians had given a name of their own to Simon, calling him by one which meant Bright-eyes, according to their usual custom of finding titles which suited the real or fancied appearance of their friends, and this word occasionally came into Pocahonta's sentences; but all the rest was unintelligible.

It did not occur to her, for Winnie's mind never worked rapidly, that if anyone in Salem knew the circumstances of the case, he might be hiding in the vicinity, and certainly be Pocahonta, for the



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It did not occur to her, for Winnie's mind never worked rapidly, that if anyone in Salem knew the circumstances of the Quakers who might be hiding in the vicinity, it would certainly be Pocahonta, for the

Indians were always kind to these wanderers, who suffered like themselves from tyranny and oppression. By the time Simon had ended his queries and dismissed the servant, he was possessed of more information of a certain kind than all the magistrates of the united colonies, and threw himself back in his chair with a conviction that knowledge in his case meant power.

His spirits now returned, and Winnie was more than ever convinced that he was one of the strangest of human beings, for during the rest of the evening, after Kate came back, he returned to the favourite amusement of his boyhood, practising curious tricks in jugglery which he had learned from one of the Indian magicians, playing with things that looked like serpents, putting his hand into his pockets and drawing out coloured shells and beads though a moment before they had been

lying on the table, and eliciting from Winnie hysterical shrieks, varied by cries of "Kate, oh, Kate! prevent him; do please tell him not to do it!"

Katherine took no particular notice of her cousin's performances; she was quite willing that he should amuse himself in his own way, and continued quietly sewing a little apart, until a cry from Winnie, much louder than usual, made her turn round.

"You will frighten the servants, Winnie," she said; "try to be quiet; Simon only teases you because you scream."

"He says he will make writing come on the wall," said Winnie; "it is wicked, it is as bad as Pharaoh's sorcerers in Egypt."

"But I must darken the room first," said Simon, putting out the lamp. Winnie shrieked more loudly than before, while Kate remonstrated with some warmth.

"This is pure nonsense, Simon. I cannot sew in the dark ; we are not children to play games and to like being frightened."

Her complaint died suddenly on her lips, for truly enough a fiery appearance was seen on the opposite wall, like a human hand, and it moved slowly as if it were writing. Winnie was terrified out of all reason, and even Kate was disagreeably impressed. When the appearance died away, and Simon who had become all at once very grave lighted the lamp, she looked at him searchingly.

"You had a light of your own," she said ; "you slipped something away just now."

"Examine me and prove it," said Simon.
 "I give my free consent."

"Do not touch him," said Winnie ; "he is dangerous—he can work magic !"

Nothing daunted by these warnings, Kate

came near her cousin and looked at him steadily from head to foot. In those days, when dress was made very elaborate, the rulers of New England had established sumptuary laws, forbidding any outside the circle of the privileged classes to wear lace, embroidery, or high boots. They would have liked to root out such vanities altogether, but nature in these respects was too strong for them, and they had to content themselves with compromise. Simon was entitled by his rank and calling to dress much as he pleased ; but his taste had never been in the direction of display. He wore a tightly fitting black velvet tunic, with black knots of ribbon at his knees, and no ornament of any kind except a silver chain, from which hung a curiously chased medal of the same material. It had belonged to Arbella, and was never away from the person of her son, who seemed

to cherish some feeling of sentiment connected with it.

He stood now with his hands in his belt, looking at Kate mischievously, as if he challenged her inquiries, and at first she was puzzled where to search. Suddenly an idea struck her—Simon was dainty about his ruffles, he wore delicately embroidered ones at his wrists, somewhat resembling those we see on bishops in our own days.

“You slipped it inside your sleeve,” she said; “but I do not know what it was.”

“Now, have the goodness to look,” said Simon, turning up his finery with an air of injured innocence. “Where is this magical light?”

It was true that nothing could be seen, and Kate went back to her seat baffled, but not convinced. Her cousin felt quite satisfied, having gained his end, and assured himself

that the trick could be played with safety ; only the next time he must be careful how he put his implements away, especially if his watchers were as quick-sighted as Kate. She was not wrong in her suspicions, for inside Simon's velvet sleeve a small box was lying securely, which would have betrayed a secret had it been opened. He had only turned back his ruffles, but it had cost him an effort to keep the hidden treasure from slipping down meanwhile, and his next examiners were not likely to be so gentle with him as she had been. After this exploit the evening passed away very quietly, and Winnie asked no more questions about the fiery hand. Kate's mind was busy with other subjects, and, as soon as peace was restored, she shaped some of her thoughts into words.

"Can you tell me where these people called Quakers learned their ideas, Simon?"

"Oh, I do not know," said Simon carelessly. "Such doctrines as theirs have floated about the world many times before—people who declared that they drew their religion from some inner source, and lived in a sort of rapt communion with God—you have heard of the Mystics, I dare say."

"But the Quakers are not Mystics?" asked Kate.

"No, not exactly. Heresies take their complexion and name from the sort of land they are born in; but there is a family likeness between many of them which shows itself every now and then. The Quakers are not Mystics according to our meaning of the word, but they agree with them in a great many of their thoughts."

"Rose Halifax called our ministers priests," said Winnie, who could not forget this insult to the divines of Massachusetts.

"But tell me, Simon," asked Kate, "who began to teach these ideas first?"

"George Fox," said Simon, "an Englishman. He is living now; he is a young man of five-and-thirty. *He* began to teach them."

"Could he not be satisfied with believing as we do?" said Kate. "I do not wonder that he should rebel against Prelacy."

"My dear Kate," said Simon, "you are like all the rest. 'To believe as we do' in your eyes is the whole duty of man; but unfortunately George Fox thinks otherwise. The religion which you find so comfortable does not suit him at all. He considers that the Puritans are not spiritually-minded; he wishes to show them that though the Bible is a very good book, its pages are mere columns of black letters, unless the Spirit which inspired them is present to reveal their meaning. He would like to do away with a privi-

leged race of ministers who let no one preach but themselves, and then everyone who felt moved by God could rise and say what he pleased. He thinks that your religion is becoming a mere form, and needs expansion, and talks a great deal about the necessity of having no will of one's own, but losing all personal desires in a complete union with God."

"Having no personal desires!" said Winnie. "This is foolish. We cannot help liking some things better than others."

"That is a doctrine the Mystics held," said Simon. "It is there that they meet and touch the Friends. As for saying 'you cannot help' doing something which is wrong, they would not permit such an argument for a moment. You *must* help it, if you wish to be one of themselves."

"Well, I do not wish it," said Winnie. "I think such people are very tiresome."

"Where did you hear all this, Simon?" asked Kate.

"I have been to a few of their meetings," said Simon. "Do not tell your father; he is one of those unfortunate people who cannot enjoy listening to things which they do not believe. I like to hear everything. Besides, some of their speakers are very eloquent, and have such a wonderful way of describing their ideas that I always believe half, while they are talking. Not the whole. I never believed all that I heard from any preacher since I was born."

"Where do they hold their meetings?" asked Kate.

"I must not tell you," said Simon. "It is a secret. Be sure that you say nothing about them."

"I cannot understand why you care to go,"

said Winnie ; " you dislike sermons so much usually."

Simon's face flushed crimson, but he turned the subject aside with a joke.

" I may be a convert of George Fox myself some day ; he has often got into trouble in England, so perhaps he will come over here next. They have put him into prison many times, because he would go about teaching that all men are equal, and exhorting people to live in communion with the Spirit of God without the help of priests. He is an enthusiast of the first order."

" And Mary Dyar ? " said Kate ; " who is she ? "

" She is a very dangerous woman," said Simon, springing to his feet. " I cannot tell you much about her. I only saw her once, but I never wish to meet her again."

On the following morning a chaise drawn

by two horses came to the door, and the travellers prepared to take their places, while Winnie watched them rather sadly, uncheered by Kate's consoling speeches.

"We shall all come back together in ten days," she said; "so brighten up, Winnie, and ask Mary to stay with you."

"Ten days at the furthest," said Simon. "Keith and Rowley may be in Boston when we get there."

He was wrapping Kate in rugs and shawls as he spoke, for the air was cold, and in another minute they were being carried rapidly away, while Winnie gazed after them with a feeling of remoteness. Her trouble would have been greater, had she known the events which those ten days were to hold, and the sorrowful greeting with which one of the travellers would meet her on the return to Salem.

CHAPTER VII.

God's wisdom and God's goodness!—Ay, but fools
Misdefine these till God knows them no more;
Wisdom and goodness, they are God! What schools
Have yet so much as heard this simpler lore.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

FOR some time Kate rested beside her cousin, enjoying the rapid movement of the chaise, and feeling as if her mental troubles grew less the farther they travelled from the scene of her sorrow, until it struck her that Simon was driving in a different direction from that along which they usually came.

“Never mind,” he said, when she asked him a question. “I know of a quicker way than the old one. We shall reach Boston an hour sooner than you ever did in your life, and surprise Aunt Kezzy before her supper is hot.”

Kate was pacified for a time, but soon her

anxiety returned when the horses' feet began to splash in water, and she sat up and looked around her. They had now come some distance from the highway ; and, as far as she could judge, they were in a lonely road skirting the forests, and crossed in various places by little brooks, which went rippling down to the shore.

"This is strange, Simon," she said ; "have you not mistaken your way ?"

"Not a bit," said Simon briskly. "I always drive along this road. Here is a house where we can pull up and rest."

In a sheltered nook, at no great distance, was a small wooden cottage, neat in appearance, with vines trained to grow over the walls. A child was playing in front, and the goat which supplied the inmates with milk was browsing at his side. Kate saw nothing here to make her doubt her cousin's truth-

fulness, and, getting down from the chaise, she watched him as he fastened up his horses. When this had been done, they walked in the direction of the cottage, out of which a woman came to meet them, dressed like the wife of a farm labourer. Her husband, Kate thought, was probably one of those isolated colonists who preferred to live alone and work by himself; they rarely succeeded, but the experiment was often enough tried to make the aspect of the house and its inhabitants by no means uncommon.

Simon was very well known here. He talked kindly to the child, and shook hands with its mother in a familiar way, most unlike his usual manner with inferiors, which was apt to be reserved and proud. Kate sat down in the porch to rest and to drink some milk, while he went inside with the woman. She heard their voices talking eagerly, and it

was evident that he had received news which disconcerted him. The first words which his cousin could hear were these—

“You should not have allowed her to go; it was madness.”

“How could I prevent her doing as she pleased, Mr. Mainwaring,” said the woman, “and she so obstinate in having her own way, as you know? But she has gone, and there’s an end of it.”

“Then I must go after her,” said Simon.

The woman shook her head, as if she disapproved of his intention, and there was more talking, but Kate heard nothing except the words, “Does the lady know?” After which Simon made a gesture directing greater caution, and spoke for some time longer in a low, eager voice.

When he returned to Kate he was in one of his dejected moods. They got into the

chaise, and he drove back to the high road, proving that their change of route had accomplished nothing except to make the journey longer, and procure a visit to the cottage.

Kate was not, however, disposed to be angry, except with the prevarication her cousin had exercised in the matter. He was so evidently suffering, that she felt sorry for him, and was glad when his next words seemed to show a wish to take her into his confidence.

"Kate," he said, slackening the speed of the horses, "can you keep a secret?"

"Yes," said Kate, "very willingly, if it does not force me to say anything which is untrue."

"There is an answer most characteristic," said Simon. "I can use stratagem in a good cause, without staining my conscience; but

you have not cut yourself free from the chains in which your teachers bound you."

"But I will keep your secret, Simon," said Kate. "I can help you, perhaps, and I am sure you do not want me to tell falsehoods."

"No; but the safe keeping of this secret may involve words which you would consider such."

"Then I must ask you to leave me out of your confidence," said Kate sadly. "I am very sorry, because I see something is wrong, and I should like to be of use to you."

"How blind women are to their own interests!" said Simon. "You will repent of your mistake some day, I know; and remember, if calamities come, you must not say that I did not warn you. I was willing to show you a way of escape."

Kate was startled by the unusual gravity and earnestness of his voice in saying this,

and would have asked more questions, but he reined up at that moment, exclaiming, "Who goes there?"

A party of foot travellers came into the high road from another less frequented track, and stopped as they heard this query, spoken in a sharp tone. Four were women, four were men; and as the first of these turned his face to the waggon, Kate recognised the features of the young man who had spoken to her in the village inn. She looked eagerly at the women, hoping to see Rose, and was not disappointed; for behind all the rest came the slight bending figure which had stamped itself on her memory for life.

"These people look exhausted," said Simon carelessly. "Shall we offer two of them a lift? There is room behind."

"Rose," said Kate, leaning over the side of the carriage, "we have met each other

again, you see. Will you ride with us to Boston ? ”

Rose looked up, and said gently—

“ No ; it is not worth while.”

“ Not worth while ! ” said Kate, much hurt. “ Oh, please come. You are tired ; you cannot go the whole way on foot.”

“ We shall cause thee more inconvenience than is worth while,” said William Robinson, stepping forward. “ This is what the maiden means to say.”

“ No inconvenience,” said Simon coolly ;
“ I will take care of that.”

There was a short conversation among the travellers, which ended in the offer being accepted. One woman, rather older than the rest, who was evidently quite worn out and unable to walk much farther, got into the carriage, while the others urged Rose to follow her. She declined, still keeping as far

as possible from the waggon, until Simon leaned over the side, and stretched out his hands to her. "*Come!*" he said. Kate could not see his face, but she observed the colour rush into Rose's white cheeks as she stood with that basket of linen still in her hand. Then he sprang on the ground, and lifted her beside Kate. Not another word was spoken as they journeyed towards Boston, for Rose seemed utterly exhausted, and a new flood of light on the history of the past was filling Kate's mind, almost bewildering her by its strangeness. On the outskirts of the town Simon checked his horses.

"Shall I drive first to your Aunt Kezia's," he said, "and take her advice what to do? I believe she will gladly receive your friends as well as yourself."

"No," said Rose, speaking instead of Kate. "We must get down near the market-

place, where the fountain has just been made, at the corner of two streets."

"Let me beg you," said Simon, turning to her companion, "not to venture your lives in Boston this evening. My cousin has the means of sheltering you; she will do it gladly. Kate, speak to them; help me!"

"We cannot give thee such trouble," said the soft voice of the elder woman. "We are prepared for all that may happen to us."

"Yes, we are prepared for all," said Rose.

"But for the sake of those who love you, come with me," said Kate. "Do come, dear Rose, not for my sake alone, but for the others also, who care that you should be happy."

"I cannot," said Rose. "I have promised."

Simon said no more; he made a gesture which betrayed his irritated feelings, but yielded so far as to drive to the place which

she had described. Here he stopped the carriage, and getting down himself, first helped the older woman to alight, after which he offered his hand to Rose. As he put her on the ground Kate felt sure he whispered something, but no reply was given in return and he was forced to take his seat once more in the carriage, his face settling into a look of resolute silence, the meaning of which his cousin understood well. When his lips wore that expression he sometimes would not open them for hours, so she gave up the idea of asking any questions, and just then the carriage turned into the market-place, where a crowd of people had gathered together, making driving rather difficult and changing the direction of her thoughts.

"Look!" said her cousin, in his laconic way, pointing with the handle of his whip.

Kate turned her eyes to the quarter he

indicated and saw a man standing on a large stone with a placard round his neck bearing this inscription, "A Wanton Gospeller." The people had come together from their desire to see him closely, and one woman was holding up her little girl, while another child clung to her dress, crying that he wanted to see too. No trace of sympathy was shown on the faces of any of the starers, only a coarse, phlegmatic curiosity, which happily for the sufferer did not vent itself in jests or insolence.

"Who is he, Simon?" cried Kate. "How cruel of everyone to press round him! Why do not the magistrates send the crowd away?"

"That would spoil their purpose," said Simon. "They put him there that people might see him, and the shame is part of his punishment. I do not know who he is. Oh,

here comes Tristram Craddock ; he may be able to tell us."

A young man came past the carriage who stopped when Simon called his name, and lifted his hat to Kate with a good-humoured smile.

"Welcome to Boston," he said brightly.

"My cousin thinks her welcome is more sad than friendly," said Simon. "Who is the prisoner over there?"

"Humphrey Everest."

"What, he who used to hold meetings in a boat?"

"Yes, he held them once too often, for Wilson, the minister, was moved to go and hear him preach, and came back vowing that the doctrines he taught were diabolical, so he is put up there as a warning to all curious theologians."

"Well, I do not care to look at him," said

Simon. "If good Mr. Wilson stood in his place I might esteem it worth my while to stay and cast a stone at him, but as things are, I shall make my way homewards."

"You will be set in the pillory yourself one of these days," said Tristram. "I cannot think by what magic you have escaped so long."

"I could tell you three good reasons why I have escaped," said Simon, "and moreover why I shall always continue to escape; but this open street is scarcely a fit place in which to impart secrets."

"The noise is so great that no one would hear you," said Tristram. "How horribly those boys shout! I counted twenty as I came along, standing in the gutter throwing mud at each other, and imitating poor Everest's way of hanging his head inside his ruffe."

"I hope they will come within range of my whip," said Simon; "it is not long enough to reach the magistrates who deserve it more. Out of the way, Tristram, or I shall run over you."

He shook the reins, and the horses, eager to reach home, set off at a quick trot, while his friend looked after them with an amused smile on his face. Kate asked no more questions, and in a few minutes they reached Aunt Kezzy's door, catching a glimpse as they passed the window of her head, ornamented by a stiff mob cap, bending over the fire.

"You are going to have a royal supper, Kate," said her cousin. "Come, cheer up, and begin to wonder what old Kezzy has in that pan which she is stirring so assiduously."

"You looked more grave than I a few minutes ago," said Kate.

"I was thinking," said Simon ; " but there is an end to everything, even to sad thoughts. Why, poor Everest himself will soon reach the end of his troubles. It is dusk, and they will take him in when it grows too dark for anyone to see him."

"Are you sure?" asked Kate wistfully.

"Perfectly sure ; I think I can hear the people groaning now. That is what they always do when the spectacle ceases."

"I certainly hear a sound," said Kate, standing up in the carriage and listening, "but it is more like a shout of triumph than a groan."

"The distance deceives you," said Simon. "Here comes Aunt Kezia with a light. Now go in and warm yourself, and forget everything you have seen."

It was part of Simon's singularity that all expression of feeling was hateful to him, and

whenever his heart was deeply stirred, he tried to conceal it by assuming a careless manner, but Kate knew this too well to be deceived, and his hopeful words did not comfort her.

CHAPTER VIII.

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

COLERIDGE.

KEZIA received her visitors with great warmth and hospitality, urging Simon, who was a favourite, to stay and recruit himself at her table; but he pleaded business, and hastened away. After he had gone, supper was brought in, and she set to work to load her niece's plate with dainties, though Kate professed not to be hungry, and certainly did not eat enough to satisfy her hostess.

She was a dark-eyed, handsome woman, with a tall, active figure, which showed no signs as yet of age, and that great treasure in a nurse, a sweet, well-modulated voice. Some of the men who had been her patients used

to say that Aunt Kezzy could lift them in her arms and carry them across the room as if they were children ; but these stories were never told in her presence, lest Kezia, who was a severely truthful woman, should dispute their accuracy.

“ Well, child, here you are,” she said, as soon as she was satisfied that Kate would eat no more. “ How thin and pale you look ! What has happened to you ? ”

“ Oh, nothing, Aunt Kezzy.”

“ *Nothing !* ” repeated Kezia. “ I never knew such creatures as girls for telling fibs and thinking they are not wicked. You need not tell me that it is nothing which has taken all the colour out of your cheeks, and made you look like a piece of washed muslin ! However, I shall ask no more questions ; it is clear you do not want to answer them.”

"Is everything going on well in the town?" said Kate, desirous of changing the subject.

"Yes," said Kezia, "fairly well, as far as the world sees."

"And as far as you see, Aunt Kezzy."

"Well, I do not deny that they might be better," said Kezia; "please God to mend them; but when I say 'the world,' I mean those who do not look deeper than the surface. There is Arabella Harding dying of lung fever. I have promised to sit up with her to-night; and that poor silly creature, Caroline Dudley, married at last to her cousin Thomas, who will never be able to put food in her mouth or the child's. She has her first baby and I am sewing its clothes in my spare moments, else the poor thing might go without. Caroline never could learn to use her needle."

"She used to be so pretty," said Kate, "and so mischievous."

"It would have been well if she had had less beauty and more sense," said Kezia. "I can't see the use of such women, for my own part, except to teach patience to their friends."

"And will my father's work be soon over?" asked Kate.

"He will go home in three days, he tells me," said Kezzy. "Yes, his work is nearly over. I wish I could say it were well over, but I cannot think it is. These laws about the poor Quakers, as they call them, are stirring up everyone to think for themselves."

"Has anything more been done?" said Kate.

Kezia looked round to make sure that the door was shut and her servant out of hearing.

"They banished three on pain of death if they came back, William Robinson, Mary Dyar, and another man, Marmaduke Stevenson."

"Robinson?" repeated Kate.

"Yes, that is the name. They were in prison for weeks before they were banished; but I heard to-day that Mary Dyar had come back, and someone said the men were in Salem, holding meetings and preaching. Poor souls, I wish they could keep silent; and he feared they would return to Boston too. If they do there will be frightful work, for Governor Endicott shows no mercy."

"Are many in prison now?" asked Kate.

"Ten, I believe," said Kezia. "No punishments repress them. They grow and increase. Some have been burnt with hot irons; my neighbour Wentworth was gagged; some had their ears cut off; it is all of no

use. They think the Lord calls upon them to confess their faith, and speak they must, if they died the next moment."

Kate was overwrought with anxiety and wearied by her long journey; this list of horrors was too much for her, and, laying her head on the carved wooden arm of Kezia's rocking-chair, she burst into tears.

"What is the matter, my poor child?" said Kezzy, becoming all at once quite tender and caressing. "You never used to cry in this way. Tell me, dear, what is the matter?"

Gradually, the story of Rose Halifax was told in faltering words, and Kezia listened with intense interest until the end.

"Child," she said as Kate finished, "what in the world are you crying for? I thought you were going to be a mocking-bird all the days of your life, flaunting about and imitat-

ing other creatures' notes while you could invent none of your own, but I see that I was mistaken. You have found your place and your work in God's universe, and you sit there crying, as if it were a misfortune."

"What place and what work?" asked Kate. "I only did what anyone could have done, Aunt Kezzy."

"There you are again," said Kezia, "blinding your eyes to the truth. If you had been in Boston, do you think I do not know what Winnie and Hester between them would have made of that business, when they saw the Quaker girl in the hall? Not a word of comfort would the poor thing have got; she would have been driven away from the door."

"But I did her no good," said Kate.

"How do you know?" asked Kezia. "You may have done more than you have any idea

of. Kind words and kind acts never come back empty to the people who set them going. And now if I were you, instead of crying and sobbing, I would thank God that he had given me something to do for Him at last, and try to do more."

"Do you think it is not a sin to disobey the laws?" asked Kate, whose mental conflict did not leave her long in peace. "These people are called the enemies of God."

"I am not one of the law-makers," said Kezia, "and I try to leave their regulations alone and do not trouble my head about the rights or the wrongs of such matters. It may be right to suppress false doctrine as severely as they do, I will not say to the contrary; but this I know, that when a poor dying creature comes to my door, she comes

with a claim on my heart. 'I was sick and in prison and ye visited Me not.' Who were the souls in prison then ?—some of them for conscience' sake perhaps, and some for doing wrong."

"For doing wrong?" said Kate. "I thought Christ meant only the good ones who were imprisoned unjustly when He said that."

"How do you know He meant only the good ones?" said Kezia. "If He had said so, He would have left out many who now praise Him before the throne. That is a piece of false doctrine, Kate. I wish people would set to work to suppress it, while they are about the business and giving themselves so much trouble!"

"Of course I know He loves wicked people with a love of compassion," said Kate. "I have heard Mr. Prynne preach about it many

times ; but then all the while He wants them to be punished."

"I do not understand this talk about the different kinds of love," said Kezia, "at least not as they describe it. All the sermons I hear in Boston speak of the love of God for sinners as if it were unlike any other love I ever heard of. When He said He loved the world, which is made up of sinners, I suppose He meant love in its natural sense."

"He loves their souls," said Kate; "at least Mr. Prynne says so."

"Yes, and their bodies too," said Kezia; "else why count our hairs and notice the fall of a sparrow? Do you think he did not care that this poor Rose Halifax was wandering about in the woods, with a dreadful cough on her chest? He knew she was not fit to do it, and if she had been the worst sinner

that ever lived, He would still have cared. When we speak of the love of God, let us remember that He means a love just exactly of the same kind as our own, only deeper, and when we feel our hearts go out in compassion to people, not because they are guilty souls only, but because they are hungry and cold and tired, then we know that His heart goes out to them for just the same reason, and our business is not to preach to them, but to give them a warm meal and to comfort them as well as ever we can."

Kate was silent, and in a moment Aunt Kezzy went on—

"When Ralph Vanecourt was dying last spring of a waste, poor fellow, until he was so thin I scarcely dared to touch him, he used to say over and over again, 'As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.'

I heard him whisper it in the night, as if the words held more meaning for him than any others ; he was only seventeen, and his mother's love had been the best he ever knew."

"If I thought that God loved me exactly in the same way as my mother," said Kate, "how different things would be ! I fancied His love was of quite another kind."

"And what kind could it be ?" asked Kezia. "There is no other kind. The love of a mother for her child, a husband for his wife, a brother for his brother : He took all the relationships in turn, and said over and over again that His love was the same as these. Why, He went lower still to find a comparison, and said His wish to save Jerusalem, the city which crucified Him, was like a hen wanting to cover her chickens under her wings. We should not have

dared to say His love was like that if He had not given us an example in His own words."

Kate made no reply.

"My dear, dear child," said Kezia, stroking her cheek, "do you suppose He does not know that you are frightened and tired at this moment, and worried by all these systems of theology with set phrases to explain what can never be put into words? He knows that life is getting difficult for you. I am sure He knows it. I am tired of seeing people try to bear trouble alone. They cannot do it. That is the reason there are so many broken hearts in the world, men and women crawling about, doing their work like wounded creatures with a pain that gnaws them and never leaves them in peace. No wonder they grow bitter and do cruel things to other miserable souls because they

are so wretched themselves. Christ said He could heal the broken-hearted, and what is more, He does do it when they give Him the chance, and they go away comforted and feel they must try to help others, as He has helped them. How do you suppose He comforts their sorrows? Do you think when they come to Him crying He cares only for their future lives beyond the grave, and not for this present life here? He would heal no one if He were like that. He cares for everything they care for, and where things can be set right He helps them to do it."

Kate's tears had long since ceased, but she was leaning back in her chair, looking very white and weary, and her hand was clasped round Aunt Kezzy's as if she did not wish to let it go.

"There, you are worn out," said Kezia;

"and no wonder. You must have a good night's rest while I am with Arabella. Your father is coming to see you early to-morrow morning; he is busy to-night and thought you would scarcely wish to see anyone till you were rested."

Kate was glad to go and lie down, and soon fell into a dreamless sleep which lasted till four o'clock. The following morning when she started up trying to recollect where she was, the birds were beginning to chirp under the eaves; but Kezia had not yet returned, and the servant who waited on them was still asleep. It would have been natural to lie still and keep quiet; but Kate was accustomed to early rising, and this morning a strange restlessness seemed to have taken hold of her, making her wish to go into the open air. She rose and dressed, and whispering to the servant whom she found just

on the point of waking, "I am going for a walk, Janet, do not be frightened if you miss me," passed through the front door into the garden.

Kezia's little house stood on the extreme edge of the peninsula which had been chosen as a suitable site for Boston, and at some distance from the principle buildings of the settlement. It faced the shore, and for a moment the blue waves of the ocean, which Kate could see gleaming through the branches of the trees, tempted her to go in that direction, but only for a moment. She was drawn by an impulse which seemed irresistible to walk on the mainland and approach the edge of the primeval forest. It was perfectly safe to do this, for in New England every woman walked alone without fear, unmolested and unveiled, so she yielded to her desire and hastened away.

The trees were beginning to wear their autumn foliage; brilliant leaves of crimson and gold made a gorgeous canopy over her head, and tender moss covered the ground as softly as a velvet carpet. It was very tempting to go farther and farther, and she quite forgot the idea of breakfast as she dipped her hands in various friendly streams and gathered ferns sparkling with dew to decorate Aunt Kezzy's prim Puritan sitting-room.

All at once the sound of a voice speaking earnestly reached her ear, and, going a few steps in the direction whence it came, she found herself in an open place, where the trees were less thickly planted, and saw before her a small group of persons, listening to one of their number, a woman, who was speaking aloud. It was her voice which Kate had heard, and in a few moments she

lost all desire to go away, but, standing behind the shelter of a large bush, listened with intense interest to every word which was uttered.

CHAPTER IX.

My wildest wish was vassal to thy will,
My haughtiest hope a pensioner on thy smile,
Which did with light my barren being fill,
As moonlight glorifies some desert isle.

ROBERT LORD LYTTON.

AFTER Simon had left Kate, he went in the direction of Warren's lodgings very leisurely. It was dusk, but he could distinguish the faces of those who passed him as he drove under the shadow of the wooden houses, with their sharply pointed gables. The first who came by was Governor Endicott, slowly walking down the street, in a steeple hat and long boots, with his sword swinging at his side.

He was a powerful, broad-shouldered man, with heavy cheeks, a narrow beard, and that solemn, austere expression which is often to be noticed in the faces of people whose creed

is narrow. He imagined that the Creator of the universe had fenced the New Englanders around with especial privileges, and given them a peculiar blessing, as He did to the Israelites of old. Indians, and Roman Catholics and Quakers were not worthy of His protection, and what He did not value was surely undeserving of pity from others, and might be destroyed without compunction.

Since the Society of Friends had set the example of wearing their hats in the presence of dignitaries, the practice of "capping," as it is called at some of our universities, had become more than ever the duty of good citizens, and Simon was obliged, in his own interests, to take off his head-covering as he passed Governor Endicott. He put it on again very quickly, with an angry frown, and jerked the horses' reins to make them go.

faster, muttering some words meanwhile which it was well no one could hear.

The next acquaintance who passed him was John Endicott, the Governor's son, walking quickly, and stopping to speak to no one : a tall, fair-complexioned man, with that mysterious shadow on his face which is supposed to portend an early death, and certainly betrays the existence of a spirit ill at ease in this world of contradictions and strife. Simon liked him as much as he hated his father. They had been companions at Harvard College, which even in those days had begun to give promise of a brilliant future, and attracted to itself the finest intellects of New England. When the young men saw each other their faces changed, and Simon reined in his horses, while Endicott came up to him and asked in a low voice—

“Have you heard the news?”

“What news?”

“Mary Dyar has come back, and others with her. My father has given orders for their arrest. When this is done, seventeen Friends will be in prison.”

The contemptuous name of *Quaker* was never heard to pass the lips of John Endicott: he was too courteous to use titles of dishonour.

“What will be done with them?” asked Simon.

“The magistrates are tired of half-measures; since hot irons and whips and knives have done no good, they must try the halter. Their punishment will be death, and no reprieve.”

“But if they keep quiet,” said Simon, “no one need molest them. I scarcely think

that even that mad enthusiast, Mary Dyar, will venture to rise in public meetings again and preach instead of the minister !”

“ If she never opens her lips again,” said John Endicott, “ it will avail her nothing. She was sentenced to banishment on pain of death if she ever showed her face in Boston after the decree had been pronounced. But this is not all, Mainwaring. There is worse to be told. Robinson and Stevenson were banished on the same terms, and they only went as far as Salem, where they have been holding meetings ever since, gathering crowds in the woods and exhorting them. To-day it was rumoured that they were coming back with six others, a party of eight in all—four women and four men.”

“ Quite true,” said Simon. “ I met them outside the town, and took two of the women inside my carriage.”

"Then you saved their lives," said Endicott, "by a strange chance, as some would call it. To me it looks like the leading of Providence, for a number of soldiers have been sent out to arrest the whole party. They are going now, followed by a mixed and noisy rabble, all eager to see what will follow. Hark! do you hear the noise of shouting?"

The evening was very calm and still, and a distant sound, at first dull and heavy, but rising louder and louder, till it became a roar like thunder, was borne over the houses and reached the ears of the two men who stood listening. Simon drew in his breath and folded his arms across his chest.

"Good God, Endicott!" he said, "I am losing all self-mastery. Before long I shall set fire to this accursed city, if I perish myself in the flames!"

"There is something better to be done than that," said Endicott. "Where did you leave the two women you took up?"

"In the market-place. One of them was Rose Halifax."

Endicott positively started back with surprise.

"Rose Halifax!" he repeated. "Did you not tell me she was safe?"

"She was. I sent her to my uncle's house, but she would not stay there. The very next day she left and joined her friends somewhere on the road. She would not tell me where she was going."

"But I can guess," said Endicott. "Mary Dyar is lodged in a cottage near the mainland, not far from Kezia Shenstone's. My father had information brought him scarcely an hour ago. You may depend upon it they are together."

"Then they will be arrested at the same time," said Simon.

"Early to-morrow morning. The men were all busy just now with the party from Salem, else it had been done to-night. You have one more opportunity, but make good use of your time. The sun has gone down, and the soldiers will be at the cottage before it has risen again."

"Can you delay them?" asked Simon.
"I am at your service, Endicott. I will give you everything you choose to ask if you will do me this favour."

"I cannot," said Endicott. "I have tried my best already, but my father will not listen to a word. Do you think, if I could save them, I should need a bribe? The cottage is that brown one, where Prudence, the old herb-gatherer, used to live."

They separated without another word.

Endicott went to see what was happening in the crowd of men, who had now turned their faces homewards, and Simon drove to his uncle's stables, where he left the horses; then, forgetful of hunger and weariness, he turned his steps in the direction of the forests. When he reached the cottage of which Endicott had spoken it was growing quite dark, and he tapped the door with a light touch. Someone said, "Come in," and he went forward as quietly as usual, for no degree of excitement ever made Simon otherwise than gentle. A small fire of sticks was burning on the hearth, and beside it sat Rose, still wrapped in her grey cloak. She looked the picture of hopeless dejection, but at the sound of his voice the colour rushed into her face and she tried to rise.

"Rose, I never dreamed you would de-

ceive me so cruelly," said Simon. "Why did you come away from where I left you?"

"I could not stay," said Rose; "it was wrong. I felt it borne in upon my mind that my duty was to return and suffer with the rest, who before long will go to meet death. When I tried to pray a weight seemed upon my heart; I had deserted my post, so I got no blessing."

"This is the purest delusion," said Simon. "You did wrong to come back."

"I did wrong to go away," said Rose, looking at him with her deep eyes in a strange, abstracted way, as if she were seeing something behind which to others was invisible. "I could not pray. I felt like Peter when he fled from Rome to escape being martyred. They told me a story about that long ago, when I was a child. He had gone outside

the gates when he met Christ coming towards the city, and asked him, 'Lord, whither goest Thou?' and the Lord replied, 'I go to Rome to be crucified a second time.'

"What then?" said Simon. "This is a fairy tale."

"It is true," said Rose. "St. Peter returned, and was crucified. The reproach filled him with shame. I was flying as he fled; but I met the Lord also, and turned back."

"What have you come back to do?" asked Simon.

"*To die*," said Rose under her breath, and smiling as she spoke.

Simon might have replied to the mediæval legend by quoting the advice of Christ to the disciples—"When they persecute you in one city, flee ye into another;" but his acquaintance with the writings of the New Testament was small.

"This woman, Mary Dyar, has bewitched you," he said. "You are beside yourself; you speak as if dying meant but to pass from one room to another. It is insanity, Rose, pure, absolute insanity; but I will prevent you from destroying yourself."

"You cannot prevent me," said Rose. "My spirit is free. See, I am in your power now, or so it seems to you, but there is something you cannot touch or reach; *that* belongs to Christ; it is His. He has claimed it, and I have given it. In the deepest dungeon I should still be free."

She had risen as she said this, and was standing before Simon, her head a little raised and her eyes shining, though they were still fixed dreamily on some unseen object, and took notice of nothing in the room. Her figure seemed as if it might melt away at a touch, and her hands looked almost

transparent in their thinness and whiteness. With her golden hair falling over her shoulders, and that strange expression in her eyes, she seemed to embody one's conception of a glorified spirit, and Simon looked at her with mingled reverence and distress.

"This is beautiful, Rose," he said at last, "but it is not real. No one can live in such an exalted atmosphere, and I suppose we were meant to live in some way or another. You are as cruel to others as you are to yourself. Have you no pity for me, who have suffered surely as no man ever suffered before for the sake of one who rejected him? I have risked life, fortune, honour, everything for you, and this is the reward."

"You should have risked them for our Lord, and not for me," said Rose. "He would have rewarded you. I can do nothing. I am only a frail creature of mortality,

whom the next moment may see reduced to atoms."

"But you care for me?" said Simon wistfully. "You are not quite indifferent to my pain and loss?"

"I have tried to forget them," said Rose. "It was very hard; much harder than it is to forget my own, but I have struggled, and God has helped me."

"Good heavens!" said Simon with an involuntary cry, the expression of agony too great to be borne in silence, "is this all I have lived for—to be told that you have forgotten the very existence of my sorrow?"

He hid his face in his hands and turned away from Rose with a gesture which seemed to express physical pain, as if she had struck and wounded him. Usually he was so calm and self-controlled that such indications of suffering came with greater force, revealing

as they did a depth of misery which it was terrible to realise. Rose grew suddenly pale, and her lips quivered, changing her rapt look of devotion into one that denoted a struggle not yet completely over.

"It is so difficult," she said. "Everything is difficult, and yet I did try to do right."

Simon heard the words, and they gave him a new hope.

"Listen to me," he said, rising from the seat on which he had thrown himself and coming towards her. "Have patience with me for a few moments. It is the last time I shall make such a request. You have renounced me as if I were an inanimate being—a stone, a piece of wood, who had neither soul to save nor heart to feel, but I am neither. I am a human being, capable of suffering pain, one who may either be lost or

redeemed. If you cast me off my destiny is fixed. I shall 'go to the Indians as I did before. This life in Boston stifles me. It is you who have kept me patient in slavery for so long. When I am with you I feel that there is a higher life than can ever be lived among savages—a life of purity and blessedness without these grasping laws and iron formulas. If you desert me it will follow. For the love of God, stay with me—help me! I will do as you like—live among your people and learn your ways. We can go to the protection of Rhode Island. Only, for the sake of all that is good, do not abandon me and rush to throw yourself upon death!”

It was evident that his words touched Rose very deeply, for she became paler and paler, until she was forced to lean against the wall of the cottage for support. If all that Simon said were true, and her power over his character

so great, it was clear that she had a definite duty to perform which could not be thrust aside at pleasure, though in taking it up she seemed to choose the path which was easy and pleasant. But her nature was not capable of such expansion as Kate's, who in a trial like this would have cast away prejudice and narrowing formulas to act as her own heart and conscience alone directed. Rose stood hesitating and trembling, and her next words, when they came, sounded uncertain and faint.

"I do not think I could help you by staying with you. I tried, but my doubts and anxieties would not let me rest. I told you why I came back. If I lived always with you I should not save you; only lose my own soul and break my vow of fidelity to Christ."

"You are being deceived," said Simon.
"These mad enthusiasts have led you into

error. You are worn and ill from watching and struggle. Let me help you to escape from the chains in which they have bound your spirit. Come with me, dearest, now—while there is time. Come!—to-morrow it will be too late.”

Rose fell back on the chair in which she had been sitting before; hot tears were in her eyes, and she looked at Simon with unutterable distress.

“It could be done so quickly,” he said. “I could take care of you and bring you safely away. John Endicott is my friend. My cousin will help me, I feel certain she will, in an open act where no double words are needed.”

“I could not be of any use to you,” said Rose. “My heart would be broken by a sense of wrong-doing. I must not desert my people.”

"There is no wrong to be done," urged Simon; "you are ill, exhausted, overwrought. My dearest, trust yourself to me and come."

His hands already stretched out to those transparent ones and clasped them tightly round, while his eyes were fixed on hers with wistful entreaty, but she started up and put him away, giving a low cry as she did so.

"This is cruel," she said; "you make me go through all the agony of self-denial again. Last night I dreamed that we were in Rhode Island, safe and together, but I awoke to find myself alone, and I remembered that all hope for this life was gone. It seemed hard that I should have such dreams and then awake; but this meeting with you is worse, in a few moments I shall be alone as I was then. It is cruel. Oh, God, have I not promised, have I not said I would do right?"

Her suffering was evidently so terrible that Simon drew back his hands with a suppressed groan, but Rose misunderstood the nature of the movement.

"You will not take me by force?" she said, in a kind of terror.

"What should I gain if I did?" he answered. "Only an empty casket out of which the jewel had gone. It is your heart I coveted, and that is not in the power of force to give me. Stay if you must. I will not say a word nor utter a reproach to add to your misery. These people have blinded your eyes, and your death will be a sin charged to their account."

"They are about to die themselves," said Rose. "I am only one of a vast number. I carried a basket here, it holds nothing but linen, fresh linen for the bodies of those who are to suffer. It is a work done for Christ.

We can no longer wipe His feet with our hair nor pour upon them sweet ointment, but 'the poor ye have always with you.' For His sake, we comfort those in trouble."

"Stay, then," said Simon, "and work for Him. Who am I that I should come between Christ and yourself with hungry beseechings? My soul is of small value, it would seem, either to Him or you. Farewell, dear Rose, complain of you I may, but love you, I always must. If anything still lies in the power of man to do for you, it shall be done, but I am afraid there is very little."

He lingered a few moments, perhaps in the hope that she would say some words of comfort or affection, but she neither spoke nor looked up, and at last with slow, unwilling steps, as if urged by a cruel fate, he went out of the cottage, leaving her by the dying fire alone.

CHAPTER X.

Radiant and grave as pitying man's decline,
Mournful—but mournful of another's crime,
She looked as if she sat by Eden's door
And grieved for those who could return no more.

SIMON did not go to his uncle's lodgings to report his safe arrival with Kate. The evening had become wild and stormy, and rain was falling, but he cared nothing for this, as he turned in the direction of the forest, trying by rapid movement to subdue the violence of his feelings. He could never afterwards remember where he had passed the hours of that terrible night, but probably he wandered about in a circle, coming back to the same place from which he started, for in the early morning he found himself in an open clearing, close to the edge of the woods.

A number of people were gathered round

a woman who seemed to be speaking to them, in the centre of the clearing, and Simon, more experienced than Kate, knew in a moment that he had discovered a meeting of the persecuted Friends. He had seen the face of the preacher before and needed no one to tell him who she was ; the brown hair, warm grey eyes, and quivering tender mouth, were all familiar to him as belonging to one whom he believed to have ruined his hopes. This was the woman who had drawn Rose Halifax after her with that magnetic power of attraction which seemed one of her natural gifts, who had risked life and peace again and again in her zeal to proclaim the truth, the enthusiast, fanatic, and missionary, Mary Dyar.

Everyone who is familiar with the history of the Friends in America will remember the name of this extraordinary woman. She was

banished from Massachusetts with her husband, on account of their religious views, which were said by their enemies to be Antinomian, and went for refuge to Rhode Island, where all creeds were tolerated; there she joined the Society of Friends, though her husband did not share in this new development of religious life, and from henceforth a restless zeal possessed her, which broke up the happiness of their home. Before long she left the shelter of Rhode Island and journeyed back to the fatal place, whose rulers had already cast her out, believing that she was called by God to be a witness for His truth and a reprover of the persecuting judges. Again they pronounced the sentence of banishment, adding the terrible words "on pain of death," and again she appeared amongst them, burning with desire to deliver her message. An impartial observer watch-

ing her expressive countenance, would have read there the signs of that rapt enthusiasm which has sprung to life in all ages and all communions of the Church, inspiring deeds of self-sacrifice, and needing only wise direction and control to be an example and blessing to mankind.

Simon had come at the end of her address, if address it could be called, which was a simple utterance of impassioned but restrained feeling. There was none of that fatal fluency which often gives the effect of insincerity to the words of ardent preachers, no attempt at rhetoric or lofty eloquence. Her sentences were short, and more than once came a pause, as if the speaker were trying to collect her thoughts, and ask direction from the Most High before venturing to give them utterance in words, but when the tones of that thrilling voice were heard again, it

was known that the hesitation had only added deeper meaning to her words. Simon stood among the listeners, absorbed like them in attention, while anger and admiration struggled for the mastery in his breast.

“ You will wonder, many of you, why I have come back to a city which has twice banished me, but I come in obedience to a Divine Call. The Lord sent for me that I might minister to such of His friends as are imprisoned in Boston, suffering for their faith. I came for that purpose, but for another also. My dear friends— ”

Here there was a short pause, and everyone waited for the next sentence. There was something most unusual in the way those commonplace words, “ My dear friends,” were spoken. On her lips they seemed all at once to become the most tender epithets of personal affection, and after she had said

them, many hearts among her listeners thrilled with pleasure, as if for the first time in their lives they had found a love which satisfied their deepest desires.

“My dear friends, we must not forget the souls of the persecutors while we grieve over the poor bleeding bodies of those whom they torture and destroy. The dear Lord does not wish us to do that. He has a message to send them through us, through our lives . . . through our deaths if need be. Some of us who now talk together may be in His presence before many days are over. We are ready to go. Yes, though we have husbands and children and parents whom we must leave behind, we rejoice to go with joy which is unspeakable. But we have work to do first. When He meets us, He will ask if we have finished our work, if we have remembered to minister to those sheep

still in the wilderness, for whom His heart yearns. Ah, can you not see Him with wounded hands and feet, and the crown of thorns pressing on His brow, searching among brambles and in stony places, for the sheep which He has lost? Shall *He* look and we not help Him? My friends, let us pray for the soul of John Endicott, the Governor of Boston."

There was a long silence, in which no sound was heard, except the rustling of leaves in the tree-tops and the rippling of a brook over stones. Simon waited for a voice to be raised, but there was none; the whole assembly was praying in quietness, according to their wont. The first to speak again was Hope Clifton, a friend of Mary Dyar's, who had come with her to Boston. She mentioned the names of several others among the magistrates, noted for their bitterness against the Friends, ask-

ing those present to pray for them, for their children and their households, that God would grant them the light of truth. The last named was Reginald Warren.

There was another long silence after Hope ceased speaking. Those who were praying did not know that two of the souls they included in their supplications were standing in their midst : Simon Mainwaring, his heart filled with wild and conflicting passions, and Kate Warren, hidden behind a sheltering bush, joining in the prayer with feelings too deep to be uttered in words.

In a few minutes the company began to disperse, moving away one by one and disappearing among the glades of the forest. The opportunity for which Simon had been waiting had come, and he stepped forward and addressed the leader of their prayers, touching her long mantle as she passed him.

Kate, who had not yet gone away, saw, with immense surprise, her cousin walk across the clearing, dressed as he had been the previous day, his cloak damp with dew, his hair in disorder, and his whole appearance revealing the agitation of his mind and the strange circumstances under which he had passed the night. Mary Dyar was the last to leave the ground, accompanied by Hope Clifton; she did not seem in haste, and when she felt her mantle touched, she stopped instantly and turned to Simon with a look of great kindness.

"I am glad to meet thee amongst ourselves, Mr. Mainwaring. It is true then,—our prayers have been already answered."

"No, it is not true," said Simon, whose voice was low and hoarse. "I did not come here to pray. I have done with prayers for ever. You have stolen from me the one and

only being, in whose presence I believed in God."

"She is not stolen from thee," said Mary Dyar; "she may belong to thee in a higher sense than ever before, if thou lovest her truly. We all belong to each other and to Christ. In another world thou mayest look forward to blessed communion, unmarred by sin and earthly passion. If that day ever comes and you meet as glorified spirits in the presence of God, these sorrows will seem too light to be remembered."

"I do not know what you are saying," said Simon. "My brain is on fire. She will be thrown into prison, scourged, insulted, tortured. How do you suppose I can forget this, in dreaming about another existence which may never come? If the Lord is what you say, He ought to help her; but He is against you like the others, or else He has no

being like the gods of the heathen, whom priests cried to in vain."

Hope Clifton drew back from Simon with something akin to horror, but Mary Dyar came nearer and put her hand on his arm, looking at him meanwhile with those wonderful grey eyes of hers, full of pity and tenderness and inexhaustible love. He was young enough to be her son, and she said afterwards that her heart was drawn out by God in compassion to him, because of his youth and sufferings.

"Young man," she said very gently, "I see that thou art still in darkness and fast bound with the chains of the devil; but I grieve for thee because thou dost not know what thou sayest when thy voice is raised to blaspheme so fiercely the Lord who loves thee. I will pray earnestly for thee that He may open thine eyes to behold the heavenly

vision. He is not forgetful of thy pain. He knows that thy heart is bleeding ; He suffers with thee. In His own good time He will send help. Only trust Him ; He can do nothing unless we trust. Come to Him and see."

The sweet tones of her voice died away in a sound which was half a sob, but she kept her hand on Simon's arm, and looked into his troubled face with anxious, sorrowful tenderness.

"I shall go," he said. "John Endicott will entreat for her."

"Do not seek to rob her of the honour God has bestowed," said Mary Dyar. "It is not every soul whom He calls to seal their testimony with blood. She came back prepared to die for Him."

Simon struck the heel of his boot on the ground with a deep groan.

"This is madness," he said, "or else I am mad and the whole world is a delusion. She was given to me. Does God take back His gifts?"

"Nay, but we renounce them of our own free purpose," said Mary Dyar.

She herself had left home and friends to come to the city which had cast her out, with the full knowledge that she came to meet death. The agonized beseechings of her husband, who after months of cruel absence and more cruel silence, could still write of her as his "dearly beloved," had been firmly set aside, and on the path of thorns where she trod herself, she expected all who loved Christ to follow.

"I will send a message to Rhode Island," said Simon. "Your husband is Secretary there; he has powerful friends; he will come when he hears you are in danger."

"Do not disturb him vainly," said his wife; "I came without his knowledge; it would have been useless to entreat his leave, and I was drawn by a Higher Power. We have not seen each other for many weeks. This is only one of the lesser trials we are called upon to bear for our Lord."

"You were wrong to forsake him," said Simon; "cruelly, utterly wrong; but his suffering shall help mine. I will write, and a sure messenger will carry my letter."

"As you please," said Mary Dyar; "it is useless labour; but in this world men always strive uselessly until they have found the right Master. Farewell, my time is short. I am on my way to the prison to comfort Christopher Holden who lies there, one of our number."

"You will be seen and arrested," said

Simon. "Why go to the prison, the most dangerous place in Boston? You will be taken before Endicott!"

"For that purpose have I come," she replied, moving away from him.

'Hope Clifton now joined her, and together they disappeared in the forest, going in the direction of Boston. Kate had kept at some distance during the conversation, but when Simon was once more alone she ventured to approach him.

"You here!" he exclaimed; "have you heard all the mad folly she uttered?"

"I heard nothing except her prayer," said Kate, "and that was not mad. It seems to me that she has the Spirit of God to help her. Is this Mary Dyar, about whom Rose Halifax spoke so often?"

"Ah!" said Simon. "She overcomes every

one. The strongest mind yields to her persuasions, much more those who are delicate and young."

"Oh, Simon, I am so sorry for you," said Kate, putting her hand on his arm; and strangely enough those words of natural sympathy touched him more deeply than any of Mary Dyar's. "I know all about your trouble. Rose did not tell me, but I guessed that you were the friend she spoke of when I saw you with her on the road. Do not give up hope. We must try to save them all."

"It is too late," said Simon.

"My father will help us," said Kate. "Take courage, and then we shall be more sure of victory."

"Here is your father," said Simon, "and someone else with him."

Two figures now appeared, walking across the clearing. One of them, a broad-should-

dered man with a massive head, fair skin, and hair of that soft pale grey which shows it has once been very light, was Reginald Warren. The other, who was taller and more slightly made, with dark hair, straight features, and a tanned complexion, was no stranger to Kate. She looked for a moment as if doubting, and then her hand was caught by another whose grasp she had not felt for months, and her troubles seemed all at once to grow lighter and hope more certain as she heard the cheerful voice of Captain Keith.

CHAPTER XI.

That new world which is the old.

A VERY happy party of friends met that evening in Kezia's neat parlour to hear and relate all the adventures that had happened since they were last together. It is true that Mary Dyar and Hope Clifton had been arrested on their way to the prison, but the magistrates had passed no sentence upon them, and rumour said that Endicott was either relenting or else afraid of stirring up the wrath of the people by shedding more blood.

Nothing had been said about Rose, so Kate began to think that she would escape altogether, and built up many schemes for the future, in which everyone was to be made happy. It was in vain that she hoped.

Even while they sat in the cheerful blaze of the fire and talked, a number of armed men were stealing through the darkness to surround the herb-gatherer's little cottage. Their orders bade them arrest all who were inside, but they found only a young girl shivering on the empty hearth, for these autumn nights were cold, quite by herself, without fire, or food, or candle.

They told her Mary Dyar had been taken to the House of Correction, hoping to see her courage give way; but the news had an opposite effect. When the leader was gone, how should the army keep together? Rose felt that there was no longer a home upon earth which would open its doors to her, nor a friend to stand by her side. Simon had been sent away by her own act, and Mary Dyar torn from her by the hands of others; a prison seemed a refuge

in such a forlorn condition, and she got up, tired and heartbroken, to say they might lead her where they would.

While this was happening in the cottage, Kate was feeling that all her troubles were being charmed to sleep. Captain Keith never failed to see events through a rose-coloured medium, and he possessed the happy art of making others do the same. He was sure that the General Court would not proceed to extremities, and brought a great many arguments to prove the truth of his words. Endicott was tired, he said, of severity, and might easily be induced to try gentle measures with the Quakers instead, especially since Bellingham, the Deputy-Governor, was going over to the moderate side, and had confessed his change of views in public. Keith was so sure of this, and told Kate so often that Mary Dyar would return to her husband, Rose

Halifax be released on account of her youth, and the others receive only a mild censure and be dismissed, that at last she began to believe his words, and even the gloomy Kezia admitted that it was not right too soon to despair. The only one not present at this family gathering was Simon, though Rowley reported that he was not far off, as he had seen him in the market-place, near the door of the principal prison. Rowley was a slim youth of nineteen, who had grown perceptibly since leaving home, and had also developed a faint line of yellow moustache, an ornament of which he was inordinately vain. His wild spirits affected the rest of the party almost against their inclination, as he sat perched on the window-seat, pouring out wonderful tales of adventure, now and then modified and corrected by Captain Keith when they became too extraordinary for implicit belief.

The expedition had been a very fortunate one, and their success was chiefly due to clever diplomacy, not to bloodshed—a circumstance which the women rejoiced over and which lent to the stories some of their charm. Captain William Keith by no means left all the talking to his young lieutenant; he had some tales of his own to relate about the vagaries of the Indian chiefs, which made Kate's mouth dimple with laughter, and caused even Kezia to smile, while Warren sat apart, busily writing, and wondering what could be the reason that people found food for merriment in such trifles as these. So much laughing was not perfectly consistent with his ideas of right behaviour; he thought it savoured of levity, and now and then his mouth twitched nervously, especially when Rowley's voice became more and more excited.

“Such a curious thing happened the day

before we came home, Kate," he said. "An old chief, called Spotted Tail, who knew Simon, brought a present for him. I cannot understand their gibberish, it is no use trying, but Keith does, and I listened to their palaver for a long time. The old fellow got awfully solemn, and at last he brought out a chain of beads—naturally coloured ones, two purple and three white. He was very particular about stringing them in their right order. One of the white beads was out of its place, and he put it back next to the other white one before he gave them finally up. Show Kate the chain, Keith; it is so curious."

"They are very pretty," said Kate.

"I believe they are charms," said Rowley; "and I think Spotted Tail meant them to carry a message. Perhaps Simon understands the significance of three white beads and two purple ones."

"Hush, Rowley," said Captain Keith in an undertone.

"I think they want him to marry Spotted Tail's daughter," said Rowley, unheeding. "There was a young lady who looked as if she might suit him. These beads are a sign that she makes him an offer of marriage, you may depend. What glorious fun to see Simon married to a squaw!"

"Ah, there is a puzzle," said Captain Keith. "How came Simon, who is so refined, to live among Red Indians for a year, and eat and drink in primitive simplicity?"

"Oh, he had a knife of his own," said Rowley; "and he slept in the tree-tops when the wigwams were uncomfortable. He told me so."

"He was only fourteen," said Kate. "A boy can live like a monkey or a squirrel for a

few months without hurting himself. He would never go back now."

"He would arrange things to his liking if he did," said Rowley; "and, really, you exaggerate the unpleasantness. Those forests make a grand canopy over one's head; better by far than smoky ceilings, and there are plenty of brooks to bathe in. His ruffles would not look so dainty as they do now, but what of that? One cannot be vain without an appreciative audience."

"Vanity takes various forms to suit its audience," said Kezzy; "he would soon be a hero and chief among them if he cared."

"And found a race of English kings," said Rowley. "What a good idea! I wish that girl of Spotted Tail's had been a little more elegant; then I should feel perfectly sure. Give me the beads, Kate; I will run and ask 'Coco' (John Endicott's Indian servant) 'to

explain the meaning of them. Two white, you see; two purple; and then a white one again."

"Rowley," said Warren's voice, speaking in a low and distinct tone from the other end of the room, "give back those beads to Keith. Do you hear?" as his nephew stood with one hand on the door handle. "I tell you to give them back to Keith."

"Yes, Rowley," said Captain Keith, "they were entrusted to me. Give them back; you took them without my leave."

"It was such a trifle," said Rowley reluctantly. "A joke against Simon and some fun with Coco, that was all."

"But I have given my orders," said Warren, speaking in a tone which the giddiest member of the household could not fail to understand, and which even Simon never ventured to call out twice.

Captain Keith rose, and, anxious to end the dispute, took the beads from Rowley's hand and put them in his pocket.

"When you give that chain to Simon," said Warren, "I have one request to make, let me be there to see."

Rowley sat down in a subdued manner, as if conscious of having worked mischief, and Keith looked deeply annoyed. He was not disposed to bend under Warren's strength of will, or to acknowledge his authority, and he felt some sympathy for the wayward member of his family, so often misunderstood.

"Has anything gone wrong?" asked Kate, as she and her friend went into the garden together.

"I cannot say," he answered; "the beads have a secret meaning. The chief's manner left me in no doubt about that, but what it may be, only Simon or himself could tell you."

"Simon has been so unhappy and restless lately," said Kate, wondering if she might tell all that had passed without breaking confidence. "I am so sorry for him; it seems as if no one here understood him in the least."

"Your father certainly does not," said Captain Keith, looking towards the window, where Warren's firm, steady hand could be seen ceaselessly passing over sheets of paper, which he threw on one side, after he had covered them with writing.

"He thinks he can force him to become like himself," said Kate, with a sigh, "but he cannot. Simon will always be different from everyone else. I wish you would talk to him, and then perhaps he would tell you his chief trouble. I should like to, but I am afraid I ought not."

"Ah!" said Keith, a simple exclamation,

but Kate thought she detected something unusual in his tone, and looked up anxiously.

"Do you think there is trouble preparing for us," she said, "about the Indians and Simon?"

"I think there are all kinds of trouble preparing," said Keith. "For example, to-morrow is meeting-day, and we cannot go home till it is over. That is one trouble, for it puts off our marriage, at least twenty-four hours. Then Mary Dyar will be set free, and instead of going back to that good husband of hers, she will begin preaching again, until she has persuaded Simon to be a Quaker. That is the second trouble."

"Oh, if these are all," said Kate, "I can bear them. The first does not matter in the very least, and the second is quite impossible. Simon become a Quaker! What a ridiculous idea!"

"There is a third trouble looming over us," said Keith. "You may become a Quaker yourself : that is a cheerful prospect for me."

His eyes were glancing with so much mischief that Kate felt all her anxiety melt away in her wish to take some slight revenge, so she threw a very late and prickly rose-bud at him, and saw him catch it in the air without the least difficulty, and put it in his coat with glee.

"Your malice is greater than your skill, Mistress Katherine," he said. "I shall now tell you of the worst trouble. If you had behaved well I would have spared your nerves."

"What is it?" said Kate, whose fears had all fled before his bright good-humour. "Nothing more dreadful than the last, I hope."

"Your father has given his consent that

we shall be married the week after we go back to Salem—that is, if no one else finds a hindrance to suggest.”

“*Oh,*” said Kate, letting fall some flowers she had been holding and giving a deep sigh, partly from excess of happiness and partly from a new feeling of solemnity which mingled with her joy.

“Is there any hindrance?” said Keith, rising and coming to her side. “I expected at least a hundred.”

“I think I shall remember them by-and-bye,” said Kate, looking at him with a very wistful expression in her great dark eyes.

What is it that makes the spirit tremble at the near approach of happiness? Is it a sense that joy is fleeting, and that our deepest pleasures bring with them the greatest possibilities of pain? Kate thought she must be unlike other people, because at this moment

when her gladness should have been complete, she was aware of a vague fear, a slight trembling of nerves, it did not amount to foreboding, which made her hesitate as she put out her hand to take hold of her lover's. He, for his part, was conscious of no misgivings. The present was full of sunshine to him, because his nature was so simple and natural that he could not long torment himself with cares about the future, but took his blessings as they came, with boundless joy and thankfulness.

Kate felt courage enter her heart as those strong protecting fingers closed around her own, and in a moment more she forgot her doubts as if they had never been, and yielded herself to the enchantment of the hour. Aunt Kezzy looked from her window as they walked in the evening twilight, and said, "Thank God, there is more in this world

after all than sorrow ; ” and Warren, closing his desk with a weary snap, cast some glances in the direction of the garden, and thought that when the gates of Paradise closed on our first parents, some relics of their happiness came with them as a legacy to their descendants for ever.

What a mercy that there are some gifts of the Creator which He thrusts into men's hands, forcing those who have the hardest thoughts of Him, and nurse the most unreasoning fears, to take, enjoy, and be thankful !

CHAPTER XII.

Oh, righteous Father, the world hath not known Thee !

THE next day was Thursday, when the usual weekly lecture was given in the meeting-house, and Kate never dreamed of remaining at home, though her thoughts were a good deal occupied with matters not theological. No one in Boston, except sick persons and young children neglected the hours of meeting on Sundays and lecture-days ; they dared not, and a fine of five shillings was imposed on people who stayed away without sufficient reason. So, punctually at the appointed time, Kezia and her niece set off to hear the Reverend John Norton, one of the chief ministers in Massachusetts.

The meeting-house was a bare and ugly place, in which the congregation were rigor-

ously divided, the men occupying one side of the building and the women another; but as soon as Kate came in she saw her father and William Keith nodding recognition from their seats, which were directly opposite Kezia's and her own. Reverent behaviour in meeting-houses was not considered essential by the Puritans, and no laws were made to enforce it. Men came in with their hats on, taking them off as they sat down, and covered their heads again before they were fairly out; while the women whispered in loud, buzzing voices, and their children ate scraps of cake or fruit by way of enlivening the long, dismal service. It must be confessed that there was a secular work-a-day atmosphere about the place and its inhabitants, which was not very soothing or refreshing, but Kate was accustomed to it and did not find fault.

Governor Endicott was in his customary

seat ; several magistrates and persons holding offices being ranged around him. His wife had died a few years before, and perhaps the vacancy in his home had helped to make his character stern and morose, and added some lines to his forehead. If he owned a tender place in his heart it was kept exclusively for his son, John Endicott, who sat on his right hand this morning, dressed in black, and looking, as usual, very burdened and sad.

The sermon itself was likely to be a very important one on several accounts, for everyone knew that seventeen Quakers were in prison, and that the General Court had not decided what to do with them. John Norton was expected to give the magistrates the benefit of his advice, and as his character for sanctity stood unusually high in Massachusetts, it was likely that his counsels would be accepted. Kate believed in

his goodness with all her heart, and just now in the midst of doubt and perplexity she felt inclined to believe in it more earnestly than ever, because it seemed to offer an assurance that he would throw light upon the questions troubling her. As he came in she found herself scanning the expression of his face with deep interest, trying to read there the fate of Mary Dyar and Rose Halifax, but she saw nothing which could reveal his thoughts.

The beginning of his discourse was difficult for persons whose education had not trained them to follow the arguments in a theological dispute, but Kate listened attentively, and made out a good deal. He said that Truth was *one*, a perfect whole, not to be separated according to the taste of those who heard it, but received in its complete form as it was presented to them. Secondly,

he maintained that Truth was *certain*, there was no haziness or obscurity about the things which had been revealed; and thirdly, Truth was *authoritative*, it came with the stamp of God's approval, and every one, on pain of eternal death if they refused, must instantly and without reservation believe it.

So far the sermon might have been preached by a Roman Catholic; but at this point a striking difference occurred. Kate began to ask herself where truth was to be found, since its rejection brought such sweeping condemnation, and listened for Mr. Norton's next words, as the key to the whole question. A Roman Catholic in those days would have referred all doubters to the decrees of the Councils of the Church, and in our own times to the decrees of the Pope; but Mr. Norton turned aside from these methods, and pronounced that he rested his faith on

the words of the Scriptures, and found his only authority there, inspired by God as they had been for the instruction of men.

Kate was not satisfied, for she wanted to know if she might interpret the meaning of the Scriptures according to her own judgment; and if so, what was to prevent people coming to different conclusions based on the same texts; but this problem Mr. Norton wisely left unsolved.

George Fox was not present to cry out, as he did in an English church during a somewhat similar sermon, "No, no, it is not the Scriptures; it is the Holy Spirit by which the men of God gave forth the Scriptures, whereby opinions and religions are to be tried;" and it was well that he could not, for nothing but harm would have resulted from it.

Kate relaxed her attention for a few

moments, and noticed that a messenger came in, bringing a note for her father, who read it, and then beckoned to Simon to come to his side. This incident disturbed her somewhat, apprehensive as she was of impending troubles, and when she began to listen again the minister had advanced a considerable way towards the climax he had in view. He was now speaking of the early trials of the New England settlers, when their reverence for truth drove them to seek a new home, and his voice had lost that conventional ring which had marked it during the disquisition on authority.

“Of our sorrows, from the day when we landed on Plymouth Rock, and John Alden and Mary Chilton claimed each the honour of springing first to shore, you have often heard the history. We suffered many trials. I myself have seen strong men staggering

from want of food, because they had shared their last morsel with women and children. Numbers died ; others rebelled against God's providence, and a few among the mixed multitude, who had followed us from hope of gain, returned to England and to religious thralldom in disgust ; but not a single pilgrim who had started on the journey, because he wished to serve God in pureness of heart, went back to the place of bondage. No, *not one.*"

Mr. Norton's eyes were gleaming, and his whole face had kindled into such enthusiasm that Kate felt as if she were looking at him for the first time. It seemed for a few moments as if the dust and vapours of the library, in which he spent half his life, had been swept away, and the courage of the Pilgrim Fathers had taken possession of him, stirring him up to action and unwonted power.

“These men and women left us the inheritance of a sound faith,” he continued, after a pause, “a noble legacy, and one not to be vainly squandered, which, if necessary, we must even defend with blood. There have been persecuted people who suddenly sprang into energy and combination when the purity of their homes was threatened. It was a hideous danger! I do not speak lightly of their wrongs. But purity of belief is even more precious to us than the purity of our wives and daughters. When these sufferers of whom I speak were robbed of their innocents, they knew that from the murdered bodies the souls sprang upwards to the bosom of the Angel of the Covenant, and they sorrowed as those who have hope. But what comfort can we give to the man whose dear ones have been led into paths of religious error, where none can wander and be saved ?

Must he not go down to his grave, mourning in the bitterness of his soul for those who shall perish everlastingly? These false teachers have worked wrongs more cruel than any inflicted by tyrants in the days of old! We punish them, not to gratify our revengeful hearts, but to prevent them from destroying those innocent beings for whom Christ died; nay, not for this end only, but with the hope that their own minds may be convinced and their souls saved, as if by fire."

Kate was listening now with intense interest, for this argument in favour of religious persecution seemed to carry weight, and at first she could find no answer to it.

"Our Pilgrim forefathers founded a colony," said Mr. Norton, "of which the Lord Jehovah was to be the Head. They vowed to keep the faith He committed to them perfectly pure. It is to us what the

ark of the Lord was to the Israelites—a sacred thing which no sinner's hand might come near; but in these latter days many dangers have threatened it. We have seen strange things already; we may live to see the mystery of iniquity set up in our midst, and the hideous abomination of the mass performed once more by a bloody priesthood."

A shudder passed through the congregation as this sentence was uttered, and Kate thought the minister's voice sounded like a hammer, each word driving a nail into the coffins of the imprisoned Friends.

"When the door has been opened to divers opinions," said Mr. Norton, "how can we feel secure? Where Quakers find room to enter, other guilty wanderers from the truth will follow. We are alone in the wilderness, a little band of consecrated people girt round by Indians, as of old the Israelites by the

tribes of Canaan; and we must show the same spirit as they, who rejoiced to be the ministers of God's vengeance. Whether the danger besets us from heathen outside, or from more sinful and audacious souls within, let us grasp the sword of the Lord and of Gideon, and cut off their remembrance from the earth. Do not weep for these people in prison; do not hold back the hands of the magistrates from fulfilling their Divinely appointed work. No, rather encourage them by singing, as the Hebrew psalmist sang when his foes were to be destroyed—' Oh, daughter of Babylon, happy shall he be that taketh thy little ones and dasheth them against the stones ! ' "

There was an interruption here. Simon Mainwaring sprang to his feet, put his hat on his head, threw down the books he had been using, and went out, while the congregation

stared aghast. Such an act of disrespect to a minister when in the act of preaching was new in the annals of Boston, and most people began to wonder whether the pillory or the whipping-post would be a more suitable punishment. Warren's face flushed crimson between anger and shame, and the Governor bit his under lip, always a sign that his temper was becoming dangerous, and gathered his heavy brows into a frown.

Kate saw her cousin disappear with great alarm. She turned very white, and Aunt Kezzy became afraid that a fainting fit would be the result. These were not times when women were permitted to be frail and give trouble to the stronger sex. A disturbance of this kind would have annoyed Warren beyond measure, especially as one member of his family had already caused offence and arrested the preacher in his discourse. Aunt

Kezzy whispered to Kate that she had better go into the open air, and a friendly old woman holding the door aside to let her pass, she made her escape unnoticed. When she got out her first thought was of Simon, and in a few moments he appeared, slowly walking round the other side of the building.

"Simon," she exclaimed, "how could you do such a dreadful thing! My father will be so troubled and vexed."

"I am sorry for that," said Simon, "but I was forced to do as I did. One cannot be dutiful for ever. The day comes when each man must act on his own responsibility."

"You will get into trouble yourself," said Kate. "They will set you in the pillory."

"Are you afraid of that?" said Simon. "Do you suppose I shall stand with a placard round my neck labelled 'A Wanton Gosseller,' as Humphrey Everest stood? No,

truly. Before that day comes you will see Boston sacked and pillaged."

"I cannot understand you," said Kate. "Do you know that you will be cast out of the Church?"

"I have left of my own accord," said Simon. "I have gone over to the minority, and given myself to the service of the devil."

He spoke so quietly that Kate looked at him with terror, fancying that his mind must be distracted.

"It is true," he said, seeing her expression. "God is against these souls in prison, and therefore I am against Him. I shall ask the devil to help me in this matter."

"Do not be so fearfully wicked," said Kate. "Surely, you do not know what such words may mean."

"Did you mark those prayers for vengeance?" he said. "They are going up to God now from those bloodthirsty lips."

Hark ! I hear them chanting in His praise.
Let those join who can. This Being whom
they worship my inmost soul abhors."

Kate shuddered at the hatred which was
expressed in his voice, so quiet, so intensely
solemn, and so deep.

"You are mistaken," she said; "indeed you
are mistaken. It is the devil whom you hate,
and God for whom you are searching. These
prayers for vengeance are wicked. He re-
jects them. He is on your side though you
do not know it."

"But they are in the Book," said Simon;
"in those Scriptures which are their au-
thority."

"They were the utterance of a soul who
had never known Christ," said Kate. "When
He came He said it was to abolish the old
commandment. These prayers are among
the things which He came to destroy. It is

wrong to go back to the first elements—to take up words which He condemned. Do you remember what He said to His disciples when they did as our people are doing now, and asked Him to call down fire upon their enemies? He told them they did not know the spirit they were of. It was the spirit of the devil, Simon; and it is the devil who is being worshipped in our meeting here, not the everlasting Father who shadows us all with love.”

“ You are right, perhaps,” said Simon, “ but it is too late for me to find out God. Where is He ? ”

“ Let me say one thing more,” said Kate; “ only one, Simon. Do not go away from me, for I have felt as you do. My heart is always with these persecuted ones in prison, and it seems at times as if God Himself rejected my prayers. But a thought comes to me, and I take courage. Do you remember, years

ago, when we were children, we lost ourselves after dark, and I cried because I could not see the way home? But you comforted me, Simon—you showed me the pole-star, and told me that it never moved away; that when we kept our faces towards it we were going straight to the north, and must find our way back at last."

"Yes, I remember," said Simon.

"When I am in difficulties now I think of it," said Kate, "because so many things seem to change. What is excusable at one time is utterly wrong at another, and the words which taught the Jews only bewilder us. But Christ is like the north star; He never changes. We must guide our course through the world by following Him. No one else—no saint, nor apostle, nor teacher of any sort; only Christ Himself. Let us go where He leads us, Simon. No one can say it is hard to love Him, and I am sure that if we do He

will bring us where we want to come—into the presence of God.”

Simon's expressive face had changed while his cousin was speaking, and she hoped he would relent, but at that moment the door of the church opened and the congregation came streaming out.

“I have work to do which will keep me busy for some time longer,” he said in the sarcastic tone which always revealed that his worst self was dominant. “I am not ready to be thrown into gaol just at present so I had better make my way homewards. Farewell, Kate. My best greetings to our righteous Governor and magistrates.”

He lifted his hat mockingly and walked in the direction of the prison, while Kate went back to the open door, hoping to see her father and Keith.



